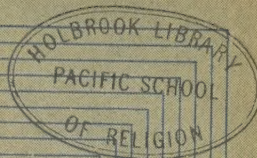


LEVEL
ONE



the Chaplain

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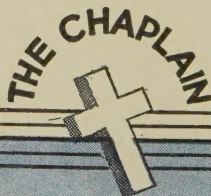


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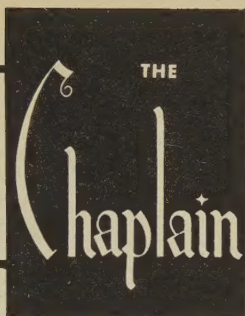


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Editor: CLARENCE W. HALL, Litt.D.
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V. 2
1945

- Wanted: an ecumenicity that not only takes counsel but gives it

55079

We Need POWER at Geneva!

By KARL BARTH

I KNOW that the American churches take a great and praiseworthy interest in the Ecumenical Movement, whose Council or Bureau has its headquarters here in Geneva. And I believe that the development and setting in motion of this organization is one of the things through which you will not be averse to helping the Europe and the world of the postwar period.

During the last few years I have had frequent reason to deplore the fact that while all sorts of useful data were gathered in Geneva, reports were issued, all kinds of preliminary studies engaged in, all sorts of visiting and correspondence were furthered and technical aid given, and occasionally (but more in a personal way) certain advice was relayed to the suffering churches under fire, still at no time was Geneva, and thus the Ecumenical Movement, *heard* in this decisive moment of world history.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article by the distinguished Swiss theologian, Prof. Karl Barth, is taken from his book, "The Church and the War" (Macmillan; \$1) and used here by permission of the publishers. The book, which might be captioned "An Epistle to the American Churches," grew out of a series of conversations between Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert and Prof. Barth in Switzerland two years ago. It was at Dr. Cavert's earnest solicitation that the "letters" comprising the book were written. Those interested in Prof. Barth's complete answers to the questions submitted by Dr. Cavert for reply will do well to obtain the little volume from which this extract is taken.

Not in 1933 (the start of the German church struggle), nor in the summer and fall of 1938, when the political storm was gathering, nor in 1939, when it broke loose, neither at the time of the catastrophe of 1940 nor since then, was there directed to Christendom and to mankind a witnessing, clarifying, encouraging and comforting word from the ecumenical center.

Why did I and do I have to send out such letters simply as a private individual after all the beautiful words which have been spoken and written again and again about the new unity of the Church of Jesus Christ discovered in the Ecumenical Movement? Why did "Geneva" always leave it to me to speak out? Why did you—though *via Geneva*, it is true—direct your questions to me and not to the Geneva center itself? I mean: why is the "one" Church not in the arena with its message when such questions as yours are being discussed in the various churches? Why do they have to look to a professor, who, as such, can offer only his individual utterance and is from the outset impeded by the knowledge that what he says will be accepted and treated simply as his private opinion?

In answer to all these questions with which I have plagued "Geneva" often enough, I was always told that the Ecumenical Council

or Bureau had no authority, no commission, and no power to speak publicly and authoritatively in the way I requested. I heard again and again that the whole institution was just "in process of formation," and thus to some extent incapable of taking action.

Permit me again to become a little excited: Is it not truly deplorable that the only organ in the world in which the Ecumenical Movement and the "rediscovered Church of Christ" were not merely the subject of fine speeches, but which had attained a modest, yet discernable form in the shape of a tiny staff of selected and qualified men and women, that this center was not yet ready to act during these years, but was engaged in some endless process of development in which state it was obviously expected to remain for the time being? Is it not almost tragicomic that conferences are held there and much doubtless valuable testimony is gathered on the theme, "The Message of the Church to the World," but that one doesn't dare even to think of the conception and publication to the world of *real* messages of the Church—always still "in process of formation"?

What are they waiting for? I have hitherto aimed this question at "Geneva" with a view to hastening this "process" a bit and thus giving the Geneva organ in some way the authority, the assignment, the power, so that it may be enabled really to be the Ecumenical Council and thus be able not merely to take counsel but also to give it with real weight, as it is most certainly needed by the churches

in Europe and in all the world.

Don't tell me that a thing like the publicly binding utterance of a real Council of the Churches united in the Ecumenical Movement must necessarily have the character of a papal encyclical and that the union of those churches has not progressed sufficiently for such action. Isn't there such a thing as a frank and binding fraternal word, spoken in apostolic freedom, and shouldn't the genuineness of the rediscovered intellectual oneness of the Church of Christ—in contrast to the papal unity of the false church which we certainly shall not strive to emulate—be made manifest when such free, apostolic, brotherly words are spoken in its name?

I ask: why are they delaying in the churches of the world to confirm the Geneva organ in some way (perhaps under present circumstances more in the organizational sense than in that of content) so that mere study and discussion may be replaced by *Christian utterance* and *Christian action*? Don't they see that the Ecumenical Movement and the Ecumenical Council, if they are not capable of this, will be viewed in history as a friendly but impotent game like the League of Nations of 1919, which likewise became morally bankrupt because nobody felt inclined to accept the responsibility of endowing it with *power*?

What the Ecumenical Movement and the Ecumenical Council need is *ecclesiastical power*. Our friends in Geneva maintained that they do not have it, since the churches of the world do not back them up

with an expressly assigned mission and declaration of confidence. I am of a different opinion: they should long ago, without asking leave, have given proof of spirit and strength even at the risk of being blamed for it in some places.

But I realize that they really need such definite expression of confidence and authorization. And so I implore: let it be given to them! I hope they are not futuristically awaiting the *eschaton* of the end of the war and the hypothetical possibilities which might then have to be considered! *Now*

is the time when the One Church should be heard in the churches and thereby become a living reality. How can it do so later if it does not and will not venture to be heard now?

May I not summon the American churches that, alone or together with the churches of other lands, they take *at once* the steps appropriate to make this transformation *now*? In this the American churches would be immediately helpful to the European churches without awaiting the proposed reconstruction period.

To Make the World Ask Questions

And when they had set them in the midst, they asked, "By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?"—Acts 4:13

OF all the gifts of first century Christianity, the one most worthy earnest effort for recovering it is that pictured in this conversation—the power to make the world ask questions. Here is a group of men astonished at the disciples' deeds that there is wrung from them involuntarily the amazed question, "By what power or by what name have ye done this?"

That power to throw the world into a state of questioning was a secret of the growth of the Apostolic Church. It is the basic secret of why power the Church has had in any age. When it loses that power it goes into spiritual bankruptcy. It was not by physical miracle that the Christian Church of the first centuries made its deepest impression on the world. *It was by moral and spiritual achievement.* The oft-quoted comments of onlookers point to that fact: "Heavens, what women the Christians have!" "How these Christians love one another!" There was something so genuine, so self-evident, that questions were wrung from the beholders, who were forced to look for adequate sources of power for such results.

We are compelled to ask ourselves, *Has anyone been forced to ask questions about us?* Has there been anything in our lives concerning which men ask in wonder, How does he do it? Is there anything in our life not easily explained without calling in divine resources?

—HALFORD E. LUCCOCK, in *The Acts of the Apostles*, Vol. I (Willett, Clark and Co.)

- When you are reduced to the "bare necessities," don't abandon these!

Our Emergency Equipment

By CHAPLAIN W. N. THOMAS

PROBABLY one of the first discoveries you made after accepting your commission was that of the limitation placed on what you could bring with you. Many useful articles had to be left behind and only the essentials of personal and professional equipment could be brought along into this nomadic life of parsons whose parishes stretch over the seven seas and completely belt the globe.

As your assignments of duty take you into the far areas of this parish you will find that your equipment at times must be restricted to bare necessities. Some of you may see the day when all you can carry to the isolated outposts where your duty lies will be yourself and the clothes you wear.

For men of other vocations, that might represent a poverty of equipment that would paralyze all chances of accomplishing their missions. The doctor would be helpless without medicines and instruments; the wisest and bravest naval officer would be powerless without ships, guns and plenty of ammunition.

But the chaplain works with an entirely different set of tools and for results that cannot be plotted



on the maps of the world. He is the ambassador of a Physician whose healing is for aching hearts instead of broken bones; the fight to which he has committed his life is against principalities and powers; and the violences of his concern are the storms that rage in the innermost souls and

hearts of the men who are his spiritual charges.

Because this is true, the essentials of his equipment are different. They are not listed in any catalog of paraphernalia; they are not weighed and shipped on any order for supplies; they are more personal than the cut of his clothes and the color of his eyes. And there is no spot on the globe, however remote, and no circumstances, however tragic, where he may not draw on the richness of that equipment for the needs of the hour.

There are three items in this equipment which are the supports of all the resources we can hope to claim. Every one of them is of necessity an individual possession. The church, to which we are so closely united, cannot provide them. The Chaplain School, with all its benefits, cannot furnish them. If we own them, it must be by our own choice and through our

own determination. I believe they are three "musts" in our equipment. If they strike you as being trite, let me say, with Montaigne: "I write not that you may read, but that you may think."

I

First, we must keep the loyalties on which we have built our lives. Every one of us holds in memory a high moment when a decision was made that set our course for the future. It may have been a turbulent moment of radical reversal out of which we say with St. Paul, "I could not disobey that heavenly vision." It may have been manhood's affirmation of a dream of youth that had become more real as the years rolled by.

That moment of decision established definite allegiances which led us to holy pledges to our God and sacred promises to ourselves that were made freely, willingly and joyously. These vows were not only betrothals of what we would do in life, but also of what we would be. They declared to all men our purpose to live, as much as in us is, what we proclaim with our lips.

There may be times in the stress of circumstances and in the unhappy environment of war when we will be tempted to make concessions that are in conflict with those high resolves. We cannot afford any compromise. The best we have to give is ourselves at our best, not our cleverness, nor our adaptability, but our inner integrity and our strength of character.

Our Master was never more superb and never more convincing than in the hour of his temptation

when calmly and without equivocation, he refused to lower the standard of his principles. Milton wrote about a poet, "He who would not be frustrated in his hope to write well in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem." That is even more true of a preacher, rabbi or priest. One with every other gift is like "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" if his life is not itself a sermon.

II

The second "must" in the equipment of a chaplain is a controlling sense of values. One man calls it "a sense of what is vital."

We clergymen know, more than any other group of men, the contrast between the temporary and the permanent. The support of our faith and the basis of our hope for others rest on validities that can not be shaken, on realities that are the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. We look beyond the bulk and display of power that rises and falls with the material fortunes of periods in history to forces that belong to the centuries and transcend the changing patterns of time. We see these forces constantly forfeited but never defeated.

But we live in a material world also which frequently is a prey to immediacy and expediency. We need every day what the late Dr. Beaven so aptly termed "the life of the far view."

In a world of noise, strain and confusion where values are juggled to please the whims of men, we will find it necessary more than ever before to keep our own discrimination clear and unalterable. The words of the Old Testament

that life's greatest powers are not in the deafening noise of a storm but in a still small voice, are still valid. As Dr. Luccock says, "the greatest things are quiet."

*"I heard the booming sunset gun;
But I did not hear the sun go down."*

How trite and obvious this truth is! And yet how difficult it is to live by it! When Woodrow Wilson declared, as we were emerging from the first World War, "Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it is redeemed spiritually," the sane people of the world gave him a unanimous "Amen," but not enough of them gave the truth he had expressed sufficient priority in their arrangement of values. We are now tasting the bitter fruits of that failure.

We can expect some men to have a warped sense of values. They will not always be the ones we counted on to show such a weakness. Though the educators are our strongest allies in the job of putting first things first, sometimes even they, like some of us in the ministry, lose their sense of proportion in values.

For example, not long ago a scholar, in that high realm of learning where men write for Ph.D. degrees, announced to a weary waiting world that he had finished a thesis on "Seasickness among the Latin Poets." Latin poets in the best of health have never given some of us much comfort, and the fact that one was seasick would not materially enhance his influence.

That incident may be dismissed with a smile, but when the Commissioner of Education of one of

the largest states in the Union writes a book on "The Meaning of Intelligence" and attempts to prove that religion is the bunk, we are reminded again that knowledge is not always a guarantee of wisdom.

This may sound like an effort to preach to you. It is not. It is a warning that even the best of men can lose their sense of values and that when it happens we are adrift from the strongest anchorage we have had into the storms of the open sea, a storm in which our compasses have been broken and our charts have been blown away.

III

The last essential in a chaplain's equipment is expressed in the New Testament: "Maintain the spiritual glow." The Quakers call it the "Inner Light." It is the warmth that comes to our souls when we feel ourselves near the Ultimate and the Infinite in goodness and love. And yet the task of keeping that candle burning is probably the greatest task of all.

A chaplain wrote in the first issue of this magazine suggesting that someone write an article on "How a chaplain can combat spiritual loneliness—his own." It is a vital subject. Back in the home parish, however busy we might have been, we could find some quiet place each day in which to rekindle that fire that warms us and sustains us and cheers us in a sometimes dull, cold and dreary world. I need not tell you that such places will most likely be far apart in the months to come. But somehow, some way, we must feed those fires that they in turn may nourish us.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

(SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH)

WRITTEN by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, this hymn probably has been sung by more Americans than has any other excepting the Doxology.

Born in 1808 in Boston, where his father and his grandfather had also lived, the author had a deep veneration for America's past—which was natural enough, since his great-grandmother, Ann McMillan, slept across in Copp's burying-ground, and since his wife's grandfather, Dr. Hezekiah, as a chaplain had shared the vicissitudes of war with the soldiers of the Revolution.

Neither the religion nor the patriotism of Samuel Francis Smith was of the spongy variety. As a member of Harvard's famous class of 1829, he took a front place among such classmates as Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke and George Bigelow.

The year 1832 was not one during which many Yankees broke forth into song. That was too much to expect of them—with Andrew Jackson, the old frontiersman, in the White House. Sam Smith, however, who was finishing his course over at Andover Theological Seminary that year, so believed in America that one day, when he could contain his pride and patriotism no longer, he set down verses in praise of the land where his fathers died. His affection for his native land led him to confess that he loved even her "rocks and rills." Her freedom was a theme for a mighty chorus to which he bade "mortal tongues awake." And since he believed that the security of that freedom rested upon reliance in

God, he prayed, "Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King."

"America" was first sung in the Park Street Church, Boston, on July 4, 1832. The tune was a sort of "steal" from the British National Anthem. Americans who had inherited English speech and had adopted English laws had no scruples about appropriating a tune to glorify their "woods and templed hills." Ever since, in remote little school-houses and college chapels, in lonely camps and in the ranks of marching armies, in churches and in spacious halls, Americans have been singing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

That same year Samuel Smith also wrote one of the most popular of all missionary hymns, "The Morning Light Is Breaking." A year later he received ordination, and for eight years was pastor of the First Baptist Church and professor of modern languages at Colby College, in Waterville, Maine. In 1842 he moved to Newton Centre, Massachusetts, where he preached and edited the *Christian Review*. For fifteen years he served as editorial secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, traveled the world over, wrote half a dozen books and 100 hymns, among the better known of which are "Lord of Our Life" and "Softly Fades the Twilight Ray."

When in 1895, at the age of eighty-seven, he died, not the least of his many accomplishments was that he had placed on the lips and in the hearts of two generations of Americans one of the most stirring national hymns ever written, "America."

—JACOB SIMPSON PAYTON

Suggestions for a sermon series
based on the general topic . . .

A Young Man's Religion

By ANDREW W. BLACKWOOD, D.D.

Professor of Homiletics, Princeton Theological Seminary

BETWEEN now and Easter will come the harvest season of the Christian Year. This is the best time to present the claims of Christ to any group of young men. Perhaps unfortunately, this is often the busiest season of the year. Hence the chaplain may become distracted. He may find it hard to study, and even to pray. He may become so busy holding interviews with young men that he does not take time to talk things over with God. He may be spending so many hours in the hospital that he neglects the health of his own soul. If so, he ought to have a plan for his preaching.

The resulting suggestion is simple. Plan to guide the young men in reading one of the four Gospels. The easiest place to begin is with St. Mark. For many a young man it is also the most interesting. This is the young man's Gospel. It is full of motion pictures. It abounds in action which has to do with power. The power displays itself in service. If any young soldier or sailor will keep going through this Gospel between now and Easter, he should become well acquainted with the Master. Christ loves to become the Lord of the young as well as of the old.



As the chaplain ponders over St. Mark he will feel the thrill of one text after another. Each of them he should write down. In the course of time he will feel the urge to preach about this new friend, or that fresh insight. Before he makes any such choice let him apply a simple test: "Will the young hearer write home about this text on Sunday afternoon?" In other words, whenever you preach, especially during harvest, be sure to leave shining in every young hearer's soul another illuminated text. If any passage fires your own heart, you can make it glow for your friend in the pew.

The title of the course may be "A Young Man's Religion." On the Sunday before New Year's Day one can preach about "*The Beginning of a Man's Religion*" (Mark

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is with delight, which we are confident you will share, that we present herewith an article by that able authority on homiletics, Dr. Blackwood. Those who do not know him as an outstanding teacher know him as author of many a stimulating volume on preaching and public worship. He is the father of Chaplain Andrew W. Blackwood, Jr., recently returned to America after twenty-one months in the South Pacific where the natives, in pertinent pidgin, dubbed him "Massa b'long Jesus Christ"—than which no chaplain would want a better nickname!

1:1). The suggestion is to guide the hearer in reading St. Mark. As he does so, encourage him to keep his eyes fixed mainly on the Lord Jesus. Gradually there will come to him all sorts of new light on what it means to be a follower and a friend of Christ. In this first message one can stress the fact that a man's religion all centers in Christ. It consists in being right with Him. The way to find Him is to read one of the Gospels. The place is here, and the time is now.

A week later, the sermon may be on "*The Spirit of a Man's Religion*" (1:7). Here one deals with John the Baptist in the presence of Christ Jesus. Think of John as young and vigorous. Behold him also as strong and brave. Then see him as he kneels before Christ. Such a picture shows how the Lord Jesus appeals to the strength and courage of a young man like the one in the pew. In the presence of other good men he may stand on his feet and assert his own rights. But when a young man knows Christ as young John discovered him, the spirit ought to be that of humility. Would that every strong young hearer might bow before the King!

Next Sunday the central truth may be "*The Sympathy of a Man's Saviour*" (1:40). In such preaching use as short a text as will make a complete picture. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean . . . I will; be thou clean." The idea is to paint a picture, not to explain a passage. Appeal to the eye of the soul. Lead the hearer to become a seer. Cause him to feel that the Lord who touched the leper is

living now, and that he is here. He is tender to sympathize and mighty to save. Down in his heart the young friend before you may know that he has become a moral leper. Even so, lead him to feel sure that Christ understands. He cares. He is always kind. He can make any leper clean.

How often of late have you preached about the compassion of Jesus? Nothing else seems more likely to move the heart of a normal young man. In another seminary a brilliant teacher asked each member of a class to bring in a paper on the subject: "What to Tell Young Folk About Jesus." When I heard of that assignment I supposed that the papers would stress his manliness, his courage and his poise. I learned that the professor singled out the theme that dealt with the sympathy of the Saviour. The reason should be obvious: every lonesome young fellow wants to feel sure that someone understands, and that someone body cares. If you succeed with the sermon about the compassion of the Lord, you will win a victory for time and eternity.

The following chapter may lead to a message about "*The Forgiveness of a Man's Sins*" (2:5). "So thy sins be forgiven thee." This sort of preaching proves difficult. It is likewise rewarding. Somehow make clear the meaning of both sin and forgiveness. In terms of the passage, sin may mean what binds a man down. It keeps him from being right with God, right with others, right with self. God never meant a young man to be helpless, useless, wretched—like the

poor paralytic. The Lord Jesus came to earth that He might set such a man free.

Forgiveness must be the antithesis of sin. If sin means being out of right relationship with God, with others, with self, then forgiveness must be God's way of bringing a man into right relations. Here we enter into the realm of mystery. How does God forgive? Amid all the mystery a few facts shine out. He brings a man into right relation with God; that means peace. Christ leads a man into right relations with others; that means peace. Jesus causes a man to become right within himself; that means peace. We mortals do the sinning; God in Christ does the forgiving.

The next sermon may be about *The Meaning of a Man's Religion* (2:14). Here the stress falls on the simple words, "Follow me." The man in view seems to have been fairly young. Still he had become established in business. One day he learned that religion consists in personal loyalty to Jesus Christ. From that time forward the young man lived to do the Master's will. Following Jesus called for leaving everything that would interfere with doing his will. Following him likewise meant to be with him, to enjoy his presence and his friends, to do only what was pleasing to him.

Today this kind Master is calling again for such recruits.

A kindred message would relate to *The Proof of a Man's Religion* (3:35). If handled with skill, this text ought to make many

a young fellow's heart glow. Among all the sermons delivered by chaplains many of the most effective have to do with home and mother, as well as "that not impossible she who shall command my life and me." In the text before us now the Lord Jesus tells about a young man's religion in terms of home and its joys. Dearly did Jesus love his own mother. Tenderly must he have cared for his young brothers and sisters. Now he is saying to the friend in the pew: "Even so do I love everyone who does the will of my Father."

Who would not long to become a member of that redeemed family? Thus the divine appeal comes to the homesickness of the soul.

More stirring should be the message about *The Victory Over a Man's Fears* (4:40). "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" What a text! Repeat it so often and so clearly that it will keep singing in the young man's heart as long as he lives. Show him that the wrong sort of fear springs from lack of faith. Faith means trusting Christ amid the storm. The storm may be out on the sea, or else down in the soul.

Fear overcomes a man when he forgets all about Christ and thinks much about self. Faith triumphs in the soul when a man remembers that the Lord Jesus is here, and then lays hold on the hand that was pierced. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The faith that conquers fear shines out from another passage

about a storm at sea. In the Book of Acts the twenty-seventh chapter contains the world's most famous description of a storm out on the deep. The heart of the narrative has to do with the faith of the Apostle Paul. After fourteen days and nights, while the storm still raged, and every minute threatened to be the last for all those on board, that man of faith bade his shipmates give up their fears: "Last night there stood by me the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul!' . . . Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God." That One who always stands by you amid the storm, ready to dispel your fears and make you strong, can be no other than the Son of God.

Thus we might go on thinking about sermons from the Young Man's Gospel. By this time, however, the trail should have become clear. Every chaplain can find joy in following it after his own fashion. At first such Christ-centered pulpit work may not prove easy. Unless a preacher knows

how to paint a picture, rather than simply relate facts, the resulting impression may not be vivid or lasting. But if he perseveres he will find that many a young man will respond to the appeal of the Christ who in the days of his flesh drew most of his recruits from the ranks of young men.

Such a course of sermons presupposes a loving study of St. Mark. If possible, there ought to be at hand a commentary or two, perhaps by Sweet, Allen, or Rawlinson. Better still, there should be the daily reading of this Gospel until it becomes better known than any other portion of the Bible. When the chaplain approaches one paragraph after another, imaginatively, he will enter into the spirit of this Gospel with its motion pictures of action and its many examples of service. If the chaplain likewise uses his imagination in seeing the needs of the young men to whom he ministers, he will cause every heart to burn while the friend in the pulpit tells the old, old story in the form of motion pictures.



"The Preaching Tone"

THE STEADY MONOTONE, sometimes known among the ungodly as the "preaching tone," will make any sermon seem long. The droning of a sawmill at a distance, or the steady rumble of some easy-going railroad train will oftentimes lull a wide-awake man to sleep. The monotonous droning of preacher's delivery in a similar way may take away all desire to listen or even to stay awake. If such ministers would open a sanitarium for insomnia, the only other equipment they would need would be beds—their own homiletic efforts would provide all the necessary treatment.

—CHARLES R. BROWN, in *The Art of Preaching* (Macmillan)

The Pastor to Lady Soldiers

By CHAPLAIN FREDERICK FAHRINGER

NO greater opportunity for service can come to a chaplain than that which comes with an assignment as chaplain to the Women's Army Corps. Having served as Post Chaplain for six months in the Second WAC Training Center in Daytona Beach, Florida, and also for fifteen months in the Third WAC Training Center in Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, I have come to admire the women of America who, voluntarily having offered their "knowledge, skill and special training" to the armed forces, are now serving in 239 different kinds of work in more than 200 cantonments in our country, on islands of the sea, the far-flung battlefields of the world, wherever our fighting men are.

Coming from practically every occupation in civilian life, they eagerly take up their basic training. No chaplain ever faces a more enthusiastic group than the new recruits entering their basic training. Told that on their own strength they cannot succeed, but that they must learn to pray, to worship, to meditate, to contact the spiritual reality of God, they listen rapturously to any advice or spiritual counsel which will enable them to make a success of this most thrill-



ing and adventuresome, as well as the most strenuous, experience of their lives.

How gladly they respond to the invitation to worship is seen in the joy they find in sponsoring the chapel services. Each company in turn furnishes flowers for the altar, four ushers, and a

choir, and then marches out behind the company flag on Sunday to the chapel. Apprized ten days or two weeks in advance, they seize every opportunity to rehearse their choir. When a committee of five comes to the chaplain's office to plan for such a service, the usual spirit of good cheer produces a certain atmosphere in which an original service of worship is planned.

Some of the most efficient organists, soloists, and choristers of our land, passing through our WAC Training Center, have rendered musical programs of worship that will challenge any church in America to excel in inspiration and perfection. To hear soloists of operatic experience sing "The Lord's Prayer" by Malotte, or an a capella choir sing "Lift Thine Eyes," an excerpt from the oratorio "Elijah," are high moments which we shall always remember. Their reverent attitude in worship, their joyous

participations; their enthusiastic expressions of appreciation after the service, reveal how earnestly WACs worship.

Last Easter, with only a few rehearsals they depicted, in pagentry and pantomime, scenes from the life of Christ, portraying settings of the Sermon on the Mount, the Last Supper, the Trial of Jesus, the Resurrection. These were written and directed by members of their own groups, costumes having been fabricated out of the simplest materials found at hand.

On Sunday mornings you will frequently hear hymn-singing in the convalescent wards, started by someone humming a familiar hymn learned in Sunday school years ago, and amplified in no time by ambulatory patients gathering around; so that a chaplain, happening along, finds many an eager group all ready for a brief word of inspiration or prayer.

Strolling on further through the hospital wards, the chaplain discovers the greatest complaint to be the fear of being separated from their particular company due to illness or minor accident. Anxious to complete their basic training,

they eagerly go out to make their contribution to our armed forces anywhere in all the world.

Moreover, when members of the WAC visit the chaplain, they come in the majority of instances for the purpose of receiving spiritual counsel in solving their personal problems and in making their adjustment to their new environments, rather than in receiving information as to how they might be discharged from the army. After many an outpouring of heart, they have been profoundly impressed by how often a brief word of prayer will send them out from the chaplain's office with a smile, sometimes shining through tears, to carry on their training, ready for any test or sacrifice of comfort, strength or separation from friends and loved ones, to go anywhere in the world as good soldiers for God and country!

When the complete story of the WAC is written, the contribution which they will have made in this war will cause them to be honored and cherished in the hearts not only of their comrades in all branches of the service, but also in the hearts of their countrymen as well.



Recipe for a WAC

FROM one of their own number comes this Recipe for a WAC: "Take one enrolled member, slightly green. Stir from bed at an early hour. Soak in a shower or tub daily. Dress in olive drab. Mix with others of her kind. Grate on sergeants' nerves. Toughen with physical training, add liberal portions of baked beans and roast beef. Season with wind, rain and snow. Sweeten from time to time, with chocolate bars. Bake in 100-degree summer temperature, and let cool in below zero winter weather. Will serve 130,000,000 people. Serve in place of one soldier, sometimes two."

• There are many who feel that war
has stymied them; give them this!

Interruptions

By BOYNTON MERRILL, D.D.

First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio

ONE August morning in 1914 I was sitting beside one of the most beautiful lakes in Vermont. Down the near-by road came, as usual, the mailman. As usual, too, he tossed me a copy of *The Boston Post*. I unwrapped and opened it as I sat by the white birches overlooking the blue lake.

Spread across the whole front page was a picture of German cavalry sweeping with relentless fury through a small Belgian town. I, like thousands of other readers doubtless, was stunned.

That picture was the announcement of a fearful interruption, not only in the lives of the people who lived in that Belgian village, but of an interruption which was to change the whole course of human history. Reverberation of the hoofs of those galloping horses was to reach across oceans and around the world. That thunder was to sound in the ears of uncounted thousands. It was to change the course of millions of lives, even to cause the death of other millions. Kings, generals, war lords burst in upon us who were then in our teens and twenties. Our plans and hopes, and the hopes and dreams of half the human race, were changed in a flash by events.



The same thing is happening again, or rather what is taking place today is a continuation of the gigantic struggle which began almost thirty years ago. The lives of a new generation of men in their teens and twenties are being interrupted. It seems, and it is, a fearful and tragic interruption of

their plans and hopes, and the dreams and hopes of those who love them and pray daily for their safe return.

Nothing that one can say can make the tragedy seem completely right. This interruption of normal happy living which is taking place will have a fearful finality for many. Words can help, but they cannot ever bring us to a contented acquiescence or to a detached acceptance.

I should like to suggest, however, that there are two things which may be worth thinking about in connection with this striding of war into our homes and into the lives of our loved ones. These two particular things are not said by way of bringing comfort. They are said, rather, to point out two pathways along which our minds and perhaps our hearts may find it possible to move. If either road or both can bring us to a place where tragedy

will look a little less terrible and meaningless, they will not have been pointed out in vain.

First: *Is it not barely possible that what we human beings plan to do is not always of supreme importance after all?* "Man proposes but God disposes." We propose for ourselves a great many pleasant, desirable, happy and useful things, but it is quite possible that these things which we propose for ourselves to do are not really as worthwhile we think at the time.

It is quite possible that far out beyond the easy, quiet, somewhat selfish lives that we have planned for ourselves, there lie areas where life can be invested and even laid down to far greater purpose than we had guessed.

It is quite possible that an interruption may force us to do the really imperative thing that in the long run will be best for us.

It is quite possible that interruptions and thwarted hopes have a part to play in making men truly great. To live easily and selfishly for one's self may be desirable but it may not be as important as to live valiantly and selflessly for others. To serve our own ends may conceivably be less important than to help save imperilled and timeless values.

The ruthless hand which bars the gate to what *seems* important may be the very hand opening the gate to that which is of supreme importance.

And second: *The secret of rising superior to interruptions—certainly to the little ones and, also, to those which have a dreadful finality—is to realize that the over-all pattern of life is too vast, too glo-*

rious, too prophetic for us to see its entire. If we could see it in its entirety, and could see the part that we are perhaps being forced or permitted to play in lifting the pattern into permanence, we would not be so quick to let our lives bog down into bitterness when our own schemes go awry.

God has set great dreams shining like stars in men's minds. He has lifted them to a place loftier and more eternal than the hills in men's hearts. To see these, even if only dimly, and to serve them valiantly is man's greatest glory. Our part is to sail our ship fearlessly and well, and to sail it as far as we can. The final issue can safely be left with Him.

No river that you know runs straight from its source to the sea. Rivers are interrupted a thousand times: mountain ranges, cliffs, vast slopes, again and again these turn the river aside. But the real river with great resources behind it is not stopped. It winds, it twists, it plunges, it wears its way, it cuts gorges, it nourishes whole regions; it accepts defeat and yet is never defeated. This takes place not only because the river has its strength in the far-off hills behind it but because it is drawn by the mystical gravitation of the far-off sea.

So it must be with us. Interruptions? Yes, of course, interruptions. They are like the hills which interrupt the river. They are part of life. They can give it grandeur and prove its power. If we know the measureless heights from whence life derives and the boundless deep toward which it goes, we may run our course, come what may, fearing nothing, hoping all things.

TEXT: "Take unto you the whole armour of God."—Ephesians 6:13.

In the Uniform of God

By THEODORE AINSWORTH GREENE, D.D.

First Church of Christ, New Britain, Conn.

THE text is the advice of Paul to every Christian soldier, to you and to me. But Paul does not stop here. He goes on to tell us why and what and how to fight. And this is what he says about it:

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

So much for the *why* and the *what* of our spiritual warfare. Then comes this additional word to explain the *how* of it. There is so much wisdom, so much gallant courage, so much confidence and trust in the outcome of our conflict in these few words describing the armour of the Christian soldier, that I ask you to listen carefully:

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

I

What was this thing called a girdle, which every soldier must put on as God-provided uniform? What was it made of, and what was its principle purpose?



A study of the books of armour in the first century A.D. sheds some light. In girding himself for the field of battle, the first thing a Roman soldier did was to fasten round his waist the military belt or girdle made of finely tanned leather, and shaped to fit the contours of his body. With

this girdle he bound in his undergarments, that there might be nothing loose or trailing about him. Thus he braces up his limbs for action, swift and hard and dangerous. Thus he becomes a well-integrated and effective striking force. Nothing loose!

Peace admits of relaxation. In peacetime, therefore, the girdle is unclasped. The muscles are unstrung. But everything about a warrior is tense and firm. His dress, his figure, his movements speak of decision and concentrated action delivered with energy. He stands before us as an image of resolute conviction, of a mind made up. And it is just such a picture as that which these words of Paul manage somehow to convey to us.

The Epistle to the Ephesians reveals the fact that the Christians of the early Church needed further intellectual conviction in the doctrines of the faith. They had "heard

the truth as it was in Jesus, but they possessed only a very imperfect comprehension of its meaning. They needed to add to their faith knowledge gained through warfare of the spirit.

Paul is urging them here to put these convictions to the testing. Intelligent, firm, manly assurance comes only with a knowledge of the truth—truth realized, ripened and strengthened by experience. Lagging doubts, cautious commitments, critical attitudes—these are conditions of mind unfitted for any soldier of Christ, yesterday or today. He must have some knowledge leading to definite and decided purposes, in short, he must be a soul "girdled with truth."

II

Still further, Paul tells us the Christian soldier must put on "the breastplate of righteousness." And what does that mean?

Again the books of armourers help us to get the picture clearly in mind. Having girt his loins, the soldier next fastens on his breastplate, or cuirass. This is the chief piece of his defensive armour. It protects the vital organs.

Elsewhere Paul depicts this breastplate as being made of faith and love welded inseparably together. A man can be sure of himself only when and if he is right with God and with God's law. And he can know that he is right with God only when he follows the highest light he can discover. Thus, when—all things being considered—he gives his heart's keeping to a righteous cause or a just war, this assurance that he is fighting for the right will be his heart's rampart.

III

Then, when the Christian soldier has girt up his loins with truth, and put on the breastplate of righteousness, he must look well to his feet. Just what is the quality most needed in a soldier's boots?

Some say it is *firmness*. But as for me, I believe that the Christian soldier puts on firmness both of mind and muscle when he girds himself with truth. It seems to me that *expedition* is the quality most wanted in his boots. The soldier must go so shod that he can move with alertness over all sorts of ground. He must be able to move rapidly both to war and to peace.

The Christian soldier is fighting today in the sincere hope of creating someday an ordered world with a just and lasting peace. But he will never win the right to organize that peace unless he is prepared to fight for it as swiftly and successfully as he moves forward now into battle!

When we are bidden to "stand in the evil day" that does not mean to stand idle, content merely to hold our ground. Attack is often the best method of defense. We keep our faith by spreading it. The spreading of the right ideas in lands now being liberated from crucifixion brought upon them by our enemies can do more to win the war—yes, and to win the peace that must follow that victory—than all the men and guns and ships and planes and tanks and bombs put together.

Therefore, remember this: As Christian soldiers, we shall one day defend ourselves from our opponents by converting them to the Gospel which breathes everywhere

justice, reconciliation and fraternity. As Wendell Willkie truly testified in his *One World*, our missionaries in foreign lands are still our best envoys of good will today and tomorrow.

For this reason the good soldier of Jesus Christ will always have his feet shod with the "preparation of the Gospel of peace." God's peacemakers are his mightiest warriors today or any day.

IV

There is much more of wisdom and profit in this picture painted by Paul of the Christian soldier putting on the full panoply of war—though we have today neither time nor necessity for pursuing that picture further.

Turn back the pages of your pocket New Testament when you

get back to your barracks and continue this armoreal allegory for yourselves.

Thanks to the perspicacity and artistry of Paul, you will need no further help from me in so doing.

But before we file out from this service, or set our feet again on the field of battle, or go back to the dull and routine duties of the camp "standing by the stuff," let us pledge our allegiance once more to God, to Christ, and to one another, as Jesus' disciples pledged themselves to his cause in that upper room in Jerusalem 1900 years ago. And as we eat this bread and drink of this cup, let us pray that God may help us to make these words of Paul the pattern of our spiritual warfare through all the days and months that lie ahead of us in the future.



To Put It Briefly . . .

An open mind and a closed mouth make a happy combination.

Some fellows do not think a story is good unless it is bad.

It is hard for a man who loses his temper to hold his friends.

A lot of preachers are fighting sin with blank cartridges.

Be it remembered that the strongest heads are not of the headstrong variety.

Prejudice cannot see the things that are because it is always looking for things that aren't.

Anyone can find fault. It is the person who can find and apply a remedy that humanity is looking for.

The most dangerous falsehood is one which embodies a few grains of truth to make it pass current.

Unless you form the habit of doing what you know to be right, you will often find yourself unable to know what to do.

It seems so much easier to excuse a sin that is profitable.

- TEXT: "For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed."—II Tim. 1:12

Are You Ashamed of Your Chain?

By HARRISON RAY ANDERSON, D.D.

Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago

MEN in prison do not waste words in their last letters to loved ones. Our text is just such a word from Paul in prison to Timothy his younger friend. John Bunyan's remarkable *Pilgrim's Progress* came out of a prison experience. Dr. Martin Niemoller, the German sailor and pastor, and Bishop Bergrav of the Norwegian Church have spoken brief but great words of courage to us from their Nazi prisons.

Men do not deal with trivial things either at such times. They handle essentials. They come to grips with the center. Paul would have not written these words as a student in the university. Truth now for him was not something to be argued over but something to die for. There was another time when his great desire was to cause others to be imprisoned and suffer for Christ. All was changed now—changed since he realized that it was Christ whom he was then persecuting. Since that time he had suffered for Christ and the gospel on land and on sea. He had fought in the good fight. He had kept—and had been kept by—the faith. He had followed the Way (the early name for the faith) till it had brought him to this cell and this chain. Nevertheless he was *not ashamed of his chain*. He tells us why:

1. Because *he knew Christ as a Friend*. When Charles Kingsley, that splendid, socially minded English rec- tor, was asked the secret of his strong

yet beautiful life, he replied simply "I had a Friend." That was Paul's secret too! He was making the secret known to Timothy, who would need it in his own suffering to come.

Paul's knowing Christ was more than knowing facts about Christ. He knew these, but he knew *whom*. John Oxenham put it: "... not what but *whom*." The American Revised translation put it: "I know him whom I have believed."

Paul and Christ had met on the road. Christ had gone with him along the way. So close had these two been joined that Paul could honestly write that for him to live was for Christ to live.

Now, no one can really know Christ and not know him in his suffering. It is when we see Christ on the cross suffering for us that we really know him. It is when men really suffer for and with others that they come to know them. And so Paul for Christ.

Paul knew Christ had died for him. In his sufferings for Christ Paul was not ashamed now. There is a great word in the 12th chapter of the Hebrew epistle where the writer tells of Jesus "who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." Paul was not ashamed because he knew Christ.

(Illustration. The men of our Division [the 26th Y.D.] in the last war knew about President Wilson. How

ever when he came to France after the armistice and ate Christmas dinner with us, then we felt we had known him.)

2. *Paul knew Christ through Faith.* Christ was the one in whom he had believed. Faith to Paul was the response of his whole being—body, mind and soul—to God's offer of love in Jesus.

Donald Hankey, who was killed in the second Battle of the Somme, wrote that faith was "betting your life on God."

Blaise Pascal, the French mystic of the seventeenth century wrote that "The heart, too . . . has its reasons, which reason does not know." This great sentence helped Winston Churchill at one time in his life to a working faith. Faith to Paul was personal trust in the Redeemer.

(*Illustration:* The Shorter Catechism's great answer to "What is faith in Jesus Christ?" is this: "Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered unto us in the gospel.")

3. *Paul's faith led to COMMITMENT.* "I

am persuaded [a very strong word] that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." When a man faces the ultimate, as every soldier or sailor does, he thinks in these terms. Paul had to commit his own life, his loved ones and the Christian cause itself to Christ.

Christ had given him all these things—now he placed them in his hands. Christ for him had been the Alpha—now Christ would be forever the Omega. But "the day" was more than the day of Paul's death. It was the day of resurrection—Christ's final Victory Day, the day when Christ's rule shall be complete.

(*Illustration.* When a man stands guard and others sleep, they commit their lives to him. So even more can a Christian commit himself and his all to Christ, for time and eternity.)

CONCLUSION: See how personal all of this is! Paul wrote, "I also suffer. . . . I am not ashamed. . . . I know whom. . . . I have believed and am persuaded. . . . I have committed."

And today it can be just that personal—and just that potent—for us.



Bedtime Story

◊ IT WAS MIDNIGHT at an aerodrome in the Southwest Pacific. Some twenty-six pilots waited for word to take off for the night's operations. There was the usual noisy joking. Then a pilot took a book from his pocket and began to read aloud: "And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all things which had happened.

"And it came to pass, that, which they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. . . ."

Gradually the room stilled. The pilot finished, closed the book. "There's my 'bedtime story.' If I should come down tonight, I should like to feel those thoughts were my last."

- *Some considerations concerning the Chaplain and Weddings*

Into this Holy State

By CHAPLAIN DAVID R. WYLIE

THE conditions of military service often create circumstances with respect to performing the marriage service by chaplains which do not ordinarily exist in the parish. In the local church the pastor usually has firsthand information concerning the parties to be married, the bride or groom being known to him and conferring with him prior to the service.

In the army, on the other hand, the chaplain may be asked to make an appointment for a wedding over the telephone. The bride may come from a distance and arrive only a short time before the ceremony, or the groom may be on furlough from another camp or station. This often leads to undue haste.

Moreover, the idea seems to be current that a chaplain is obligated to perform a wedding if a license has been secured. Such a view, of course, is erroneous. Chaplains are not under compulsion to marry anyone. In paragraph 38, TM 16-205, there is this relevant statement: "The chaplain's first consideration is to make sure that he is qualified to perform marriages at the place of the intended ceremony."

The purpose of this article is to suggest three questions which will prove of help to chaplains in deter-



mining whether a marriage is wise and proper.

I

"Have you been married before?" Getting this settled at the first may save the chaplain from subsequent embarrassment. If he makes it a practice to marry divorced persons, it nevertheless is wise to acquaint himself with the circumstances. The question, for example, whether there were children by a previous marriage has an important bearing on the chaplain's decision.

Then, too, he should ask to see the decree of divorce. If there is difficulty in ascertaining the "innocence" or "guilt" of the divorced person applying for remarriage, and there usually is such difficulty, the chaplain will be "playing it safe" if he suggests tactfully that a Justice of the Peace be asked to perform the ceremony.

II

The second question he should ask is: "What is your religious affiliation?" This is an important matter in the marriage of persons of different faiths. Instruction in marriage is given by the Catholic Church—a most desirable practice which should be more generally adopted by all churches. But if the parties have not had such instruction, the chaplain should, at least,

give a brief explanation of the marriage ceremony.

Ignorance of the bride and groom about the questions to be answered is all too common. One bride said to a chaplain, "I want to say more than yes and no. I want to say 'to have and to hold.'"

When the chaplain replied, "You mean you want to plight your troth," the bride did not know what he meant.

In some part of every ceremony the permanency of the marriage relationship is stressed. For example, "So long as ye both shall live," "until death do us part" and "whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Let us make it clear to the bride and groom that they are pledging *life companionship*.

We ought to discourage marriage when it is entered into "unadvisedly." The chaplain ought not to contribute to the mounting divorce rate by marrying people in haste and then have them repent at leisure. It is a fact that some couples hear the promises they make for the first time at the altar.

We believe that marriage should be entered into reverently and discreetly, and one of the best ways to effect this is to familiarize the couple with the marriage ceremony.

III

The third question that should be asked is, "*Do your parents approve?*" One soldier persuaded a young woman to marry him after they had known each other for only three weeks. Just prior to the wedding she called her mother over the long-distance telephone and broke the news. The mother urged her daughter to wait, but the girl was determined on no delay.

About a week after their marriage, the soldier was on his way overseas. And now, I am told, the marriage is on the point of breaking up. In another case the soldier did not inform his father-in-law of the marriage and won the undying enmity of the man.

It is a happy omen when some member of the bride or groom's family is present. Their very presence is an indication that they share the responsibility. For while it is true that the principals are not marrying each other's families, we all know that the couple's happiness or unhappiness often is decided by the family's approval or disapproval.

IV

While such questions as the above in no way solve the problems of so-called "war marriages," they may be helpful in providing facts which help a chaplain to decide whether he should go through with it. Such questions also impress upon the minds of the contracting parties that the chaplain is a minister of religion and not just a sort of clerical Justice of the Peace who can be called upon as a matter of convenience.

When there is no legal impediment the chaplain, of course, will feel that he can conscientiously perform the marriage. But if for any reason there is doubt in his mind that the ceremony should take place, then he should decline to officiate.

"Better be sure now than sorry later!" is trite advice often thrown out to couples contemplating marriage. But, trite or not, it is good counsel. And the chaplain should heed it for himself as well as offer it to couples that approach him to unite them in the "holy bonds."



BOUGAINVILLE



MARIANNAS



FLORIDA



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DUTCH HARBOR



MARSHALL



ADMIRALTY

precluded materials and time for chapel construction.

Others, like CHAPLAIN CHARLES C. MADSEN, have planned, had built, and used as many as three chapels, abandoning one after the other as their outfits moved on to positions nearer the front lines.

More impressive than the physical aspects of the chapels, from the chaplains' viewpoint, is the spirit which motivates the construction. This spirit is the humble devotion of the men themselves, for inevitably the story back of the building of a house of worship is one of self-sacrifice—men giving up liberty to volunteer their labor.

"St. John's in the Jungle," constructed by men serving with the famous First Marine Division, is such a chapel. It was described recently by CHAPLAIN MAURICE W. VENNO who wrote: "There is a tradition with the Marine Corps in this war that wherever an outfit goes, as soon as mess tents and other immediate necessities are taken care of, up goes the chapel. 'St. John's in the Jungle' is one of these. Its rafters and frame and buttresses are made from poles laboriously cut by our men in the jungle. Its vaulted nave is of canvas; its pews are of jungle slabs cut by a field sawmill—some are of solid mahogany and other fine woods in the rough, and set upon log standards. Its floor is of beach sand hauled by trucks from a distant beach; its side walls and concave reredos are simple bamboo poles placed side by side, with a simple gothic design. Almost every man in the battalion had his part in doing something for the chapel—making crosses and decorations of washed bamboo (including a Jewish Star of

David), putting up a church flagpole upon which the church pennant is hoisted daily, and cleaning up the grounds in general and planting a few specimens of palm trees."

When CHAPLAIN ROBERT D. WORKMAN, Director of the Chaplain's Division, visited Casablanca last spring, he attended divine services in a camel barn, which had been transformed by the navy into a worshipful chapel.

At Bizerte, army and navy men crowded into services at "Radio City," so called because one-half of the bombed-out building was used for movies. CHAPLAIN IVAN C. ELLIS had supervised repairs in the other half of the former warehouse, stripping up holes with building paper and borrowing chairs from the movie theater for Sunday services. On week days, special devotional services were held in "Resurrection Chapel." A former carbon dioxide recharging station, the tiny chapel was literally "resurrected" from the floor up.

The tempo and character of military operations frequently determine the physical aspects of worship service. CHAPLAIN ERLING R. JACOBSON devised a new type of prayer-fellowship meeting for midweek evenings that would comply with blackout regulations in force during a recent Pacific campaign. The meetings were devoted mainly to discussion, testimonials and prayers, and were held indoors in total darkness.

Another chaplain started out with a hospital tent with side flaps pulled out to give space and ventilation, but had to add additional tents as attendance increased. He conceived the idea of stretching a tarpaulin fly over all, and succeeded in providing some measure of comfort in spite of the

brilliant and hot tropical sun.

"I have brought my altar and altar appointments with me," this chaplain wrote, "and by making a platform across the front of the chapel, with a raised section in the center for the altar to set on and places on the two sides for the pulpit and organ, we are pretty well fixed. The platforms, made out of old crates, and the piece of white canvas used as a backdrop look quite nice.

"We have four bamboo vases in which we place some of the luxuriant jungle greenery; this, together with large palm fronds, makes a most attractive and worshipful chapel. The seating problem was met by making crude benches out of saplings which, in addition to being rugged and serviceable, guarantee in themselves that no one will sleep during services."

CHAPLAIN ROBERT B. ROSE, after a landing on the Marianas, found that equipment and labor were both at a premium during the early stages of the invasion, so he set to work to provide his own chapel. His "cornerstone" was an issue of two storage tents through the courtesy of his commanding officer. Jap 4.7 shell cases were set up in the form of an altar rail, and sandbags were lined up for kneeling purposes. Lumber being scarce, other sandbags were distributed on the ground to serve as pews.

Borrowing a phrase from the lingo of aviation, men stationed at Palmyra nicknamed CHAPLAIN GEORGE P. LAMBARRE's chapel the "Sky Pilot's Ready Room." In order to detract from the ugliness of the plain quonset hut, a site was selected under the most beautiful palm trees in the vicinity. Jungle flowers were planted on the border of a rock path leading to the chapel

door, and an artist provided an attractive "Welcome All Hands" sign.

"The Church of the Good Shepherd" on Florida Island was constructed by volunteer and native labor from jungle materials at a cost of \$50. Fancy lattice work, jungle flowers and bamboo rails were employed.

The "Can Do Navy" (Seabees) are past-masters in the art of getting things done. Not least among their accomplishments are the beautiful chapels they have constructed all over the world.

Selection of personnel for construction battalions is largely based on manual dexterity in one line or another. Chaplains with Seabees frequently find their entire congregations made up of draftsmen, carpenters, cabinet makers, lathe operators, metal-smiths, moulders, silversmiths, sail-makers, jewelers, electricians, plumbers, textile weavers, stone cutters, brick layers, masons, and architects—to mention only a few of the craftsmen serving with Seabees. These skilled artists, artisans and artificers have produced stained-glass windows from an Aussie raincoat and jungle twigs, ornate lamp fixtures from tomato cans, organ pipes from bamboo poles, chancel canopies from parachutes, elaborate religious themes in oil paints, flower vases from shell cases, mosaics from bits of glass, tin and rocks, drapes from bunk spreads, etc.

To men who have labored with their chaplains to build these chapels, the efforts expended are far and beyond mere labors of love. In the words of one bluejacket who spoke to his chaplain at the conclusion of a recent dedication service, "Gee, Chaplain," said he, "the chapel is swell! I really feel like I've been to church today!"

—LT. ESTHER JOHNSON

An Appeal to Sportsmanship

By CHAPLAIN JOHN M. SHULER

WE in America pride ourselves on our sportsmanship, on our love of fair play. If a fellow is running the 440-yard dash, we like to see him cross the finish line even though all the other runners have already finished. It is in America that the coke bottles fly at an umpire who is crooked. Even men and women who make no claim to being religious speak with disgust of unfairness. The bum on the street will boo the man in the ring when he fights dirty. Fair play and Americanism go hand in hand.

This same spirit of fair play should prevail in the matter of sex morality. Some of you men are married. That fact in itself should challenge you to play fair with that wife of yours. You don't expect her to run around with other men. In fact, any one of us would be fighting mad if such a thing were suggested. That wife of yours has as much right to expect you to keep yourself for her as you have to expect she will be the same woman you left when you entered the service. You have no right to expect more of her than you are willing to give. Be as good a man when you go home as you were when you left, and you can expect her to be as good a woman.

Some of you fellows aren't married. Let me ask you this question: When you are ready for marriage, will you go downtown here and pick up one of these cheap bar-flies that every fellow in the block has made in the last

two weeks? If you would be willing to do that, then what the doctors have said and what I am saying will do you very little good.

However, I believe that all of you, when you get ready to marry, will want a girl who is pure and clean. Then be fair with her. Give her as good a man as she is a woman.

That is Americanism. That is sportsmanship. That is fair play. That is what we pride ourselves on in America, the giving of as good as we expect to receive.

There are three reasons why I say that you should completely refrain from illicit sexual practice. First of all, for your own sake. There is a certain satisfaction that comes from feeling at the close of day that you have done that which is right. There is a peace of mind that comes with a clear conscience.

There are also physical reasons, and they alone, as the doctors have presented them, should be sufficient to encourage complete abstinence. Medical men of eminent standing have told you, "You don't have to have sexual intercourse to be a real man." It doesn't make you stronger or more virile. But how much suffering the illicit article can cause!

The second reason I would like to give, and one of great importance, is that of your children. It is a sacred trust and privilege to be allowed to create life. This is one of God's greatest gifts to mankind. But with it go also sacred obligations.

You have no right to condemn an unborn child to a diseased life, a twisted body, or half a mind. If you have ever seen a man as he looks for the first time upon a child he has brought into the world handicapped by disease or deformity, all due to a few minutes of so-called pleasure with a diseased woman, then you have seen a man beginning on a life that is hell on earth—both for himself and for those he loves.

Such a man came into my office not many months ago. He was from a fine and respected family, and had married a lovely girl. But so wrought-up was he that he was on the verge of suicide. He said, "Our baby was born last night, and he will be a cripple all his life—just because I was foolish enough to go out with a diseased woman a few years ago."

Give your child a fair chance. Help

him to get an even break in life by giving him a clean, strong, healthy dad!

The third reason why we should refrain from sexual immorality is this: The body we have is a sacred trust, a veritable "temple of God." The Great Creator entrusted it to us, and we have no right to defile it any more than you who are training for the air force or for the armored divisions have the right to wreck the planes and tanks entrusted to you by our country. We have the opportunity to decide how we will treat this body, and the Great Power there in the control-tower seeks to help us have a safe flight through this little span of life.

In closing, men, it does matter to ourselves, it matters to our wife, it matters to our children, and it matters to the great God of us all, what we do with relation to our sex life!

Ministering to Convalescents

By CHAPLAIN WILLIAM H. TEED

WHEN I was assigned to the Convalescent Hospital in Nashville, Tenn., I found a course set up to train cadres going out to the various convalescent hospitals being established throughout the United States. One of the ablest lecturers in this course was Captain W. Y. Baker, M.C., a psychiatrist from Fort George Wright, Washington. He tried in no way to make psychotherapists of us, but he gave us some insight into the proper handling of convalescents.

Operational fatigue is the chief malady which will be treated in our

convalescent hospitals, according to Captain Baker. In fact, 20% to 25% of our returnees, while apparently not ill, will show symptoms of operational fatigue prevalent enough for hospitalization. All individuals, if exposed long enough to severe enough experience, will develop operational fatigue, and all will recover with adequate treatment. It is most important to add that this is not a disease, but a condition which may come to any normal person.

Great tact and infinite patience are required in dealing with the opera-

tional fatigue victim. He is extremely irritable and becomes upset at the slightest provocation, for he has foun-dered emotionally. He wants to go home to see mother and wife, but when he gets there he can't stand it and wants to go somewhere else. He is jumpy and easily excited. He dislikes to have to make a decision on his own.

The best advice on the treatment of disfigured convalescents is that given by the Surgeon General in "They Can't Eat Medals." He says:

"Treat the maimed person as the normal person he has always been and continues to be. The loss of an arm or a jaw or an ear or a leg changes the appearance of a man, but his personality and character are not necessarily changed. If you are disturbed by the disfigurement, discipline yourself so that your feeling is not apparent.

"Do not ask questions or give advice. Do not mention a man's disfigurement unless he does. Do not try to hint.

"Be casual and realistic—not over-cheery. By facing the reality of a man's disability yourself, you can help him face it."

One of the most difficult problems is that of caring for those who suffer from mental shock or disturbance. Once you mention the word psychiatry someone generally says, "He's crazy." It is unfortunate that this condition exists. We must try to undo the harm that has been done, and is being done, by such an attitude. For such sufferers are not crazy.

The fact that ours is a Christian nation has made a problem for us, because every boy has been taught that he should love his fellow-men. Two

years of intensive training taught him to fight, but it could not eradicate the subconscious adherence to principles. Therefore, many men have been severely wounded mentally.

Further, the constant threat which men feel in combat areas, and the effect of their boxed-in emotions, serve to make the convalescent afraid of everything and to put him on the defensive. It is sometimes very difficult to get beyond this defense mechanism. Yet a chaplain can generally get through when others fail.

The chaplain should recognize the medical officer as his ally in any effective work among convalescents, and the medical officer should have the same feeling toward the chaplain. The two should work as a team. Too frequently a chaplain bungles a job for the medical officer. The chaplain should recognize the fact that a medical officer should be given the right of way.

A chaplain may prepare a man spiritually for an operation or crisis, just as a corps boy prepares a man physically for the surgeon's knife. He can also take up the thread and aid his recovery. He can stay his fears and ease his foundered emotions.

The chaplain should have an opportunity to interview every convalescent coming into the hospital. The medical officer examines each man when he is admitted. It seems that the chaplain should also have a chance to counsel with him, for the chaplain is the man's soul-doctor.

Either in the morning or in the evening of each day, the chaplain should have chapel prayer. The hospital program and location will determine the time. If there is any place more than another in the army for

a large and continual emphasis on prayer, it should be with the convalescents. My commanding officer said, "I know of no better way to start the day on my base than with morning prayer."

The chances are the post chapel will be too far from the hospital to have this service in the chapel. A small place should be provided in the hospital for prayer. Some of the convalescents will be delighted to decorate it attractively. This could, and should, be one of the favorite spots in the hospital.

Sunday worship services will naturally be held in the post chapel, if there is one. These should not be too long, for the convalescents will not be able to sit through an hour-long service. Sunday services should also be held in different wards, especially those where the patients cannot get

out. No convalescent likes to feel that he has been left out or forgotten in the service arrangements.

Since I firmly believe in the therapeutic power of prayer, I keep on the altar a list of those who desire special daily prayer for their recovery. Used in the right way, prayer can materially aid in a man's recovery.

Simple visiting is one of the most effective ways of helping convalescents. They like to sit and just talk, and they always seem to welcome the chaplain. Office work should be left as much as possible to an assistant, so that the chaplain can give his time principally to the convalescents.

Untold opportunity is open to the chaplain who works with convalescents, helping in their recovery, and preparing men spiritually to take their place in what we hope may be a better and more peaceful world.



Pen Points

Every heel needs a sock; buy more war bonds.

Every bond bought over here frees someone from bondage over there.

"Free men buy bonds, slaves wear them."

"Let us so live that when we come to die, even the undertaker will be sorry."

Let us never become so heavenly minded that we are no earthly good.

One of our chaplains says: "I wear these bars by an act of Congress, but I wear these crosses by the grace of God."

The chaplain is a true descendent of Abraham in that he goes out not knowing whither.

As a chaplain, I have always felt that wherever doctors could go to save men's bodies, I could go to help save their souls."

The chap who is always behind a highball sooner or later will find himself behind the eight ball.

There is no limit to the good a person can do if he doesn't care who gets the credit.

Men's wives, like their sins, are sure to find them out.

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN JESSE L. SMITH.

I D E A E X C H A N G E

Quartet Competition

☛ ONE OF THE MANY good ideas emanating from the U. S. Naval Training Center at Sampson, N. Y., is a periodic competition among vocal quartets representing the various units at the station. According to CHAPLAIN WM. W. EDEL, former senior chaplain, these competitions do a great deal to promote better chapel music as well as providing a different activity that brings together the various units. Such competitions—either vocal or instrumental—can readily be arranged at any large station or camp.

The Sampson competitions are unitedly sponsored by the 20 or more Protestant, Catholic and Jewish chaplains, and the program is usually arranged for a Sunday evening, lasting about an hour and a quarter. Judges are drawn from musical experts at the station, plus outstanding representatives of nearby civilian colleges and schools of music, and local radio orchestra and glee club directors.

The program includes, besides the competitive numbers, a regular order of worship, introduction of judges, and congregational singing and other special music items at the close while the judges are pondering their decisions. Prizes or plaques are usually awarded the winning quartets.

News Bulletins

☛ FOR THE PERSONNEL of his unit overseas, CHAPLAIN HAROLD C. LAMB issues a regular news bulletin, mimeographed, which is distributed to in-

dividuals and placed on bulletin boards in his area. He draws the items from *The Link's* "In the World of Religion" section, and from other church organs reaching him. News of special and timely interest he posts on the boards in the form of a "flash." This practice, says the chaplain, keeps religion in the forefront of his men's thinking.

To keep himself abreast of what his fellow-chaplains are doing, and to make special news bits readily available, Chaplain Lamb also carefully catalogs in a card index the items published in the Chief of Chaplain's monthly newsletter.

Puzzles for Patients

☛ TO PROVIDE a time-passer as well as get across a message to patients in the hospital he serves, CHAPLAIN SPENCER L. STOCKWELL hit upon the idea of artfully cutting up Scripture picture cards and inserting them in an envelope to be left on each bed. On the envelope is this message:

If YOU NEED HELP on this puzzle, or any other matters, call on Chaplain Stockwell. It may be that he can provide just the help you need!

To make the puzzle not too difficult to put together, an uncut card of the same picture is enclosed, and on the back of it is a list of the various services the chaplain stands ready to render—providing Testaments, securing other reading matter, having a word of prayer for self or loved ones, reading to the patient, writing letters

providing the Sacrament when desired, bringing necessary items from the PX, discussing personal problems, etc. This card is also recommended to the patient as a useful bookmark.

Hospital Record Board

❏ ANOTHER IDEA worked by Chaplain Stockwell is a Hospital Record Board for keeping essential data on patients. The board is made with slotted strips to hold small cards—pink for Protestants, green for Catholics, yellow for Jews. (There's no special significance for the colors; they just happened to be those most readily available.) Each card records the date the patient was admitted, his name and ward and bed, his rank or rating, organization and section—and a space for notations. In the latter is written the nature of the patient's injury, his church affiliation if any, dates of the chaplain's calls, and any other special information that will act as a handy reminder for future contacts. The hospital's daily report on "Ins" and "Outs" enable the chaplain to keep his Record Board up to date.

Welcome to the Field

❏ TO GIVE ALL Protestant men a welcome to the air field he serves, CHAPLAIN ALFRED M. ELLISON has mimeographed the following letter which is sent to new men as they check in:

This is to welcome you to this field, and to let you know I am ready to serve and help you at any time. (There follows an announcement of chapel services.)

The training program of the Army Air Forces seeks to qualify you for success in time of mortal combat with our common enemies. Yours is a noble task, and only real men are able to stand the test. But your religious faith is something which should qualify you for victory over enemies even more determined than the Axis. Life

is a battle all the way through; there are no week-end leaves or furloughs. This is our Father's world, and not Herr Hitler's. So while you fight valiantly for freedom of men upon earth, let your heart ever remember that God himself first gave men the dream of Freedom.

As you train on this field, keep ever in your heart the flame of faith in God and the ultimate triumph of decency and right. Remember the words of Robert Louis Stevenson: "Life is an affair of cavalry, a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded."

Communion Participation Noted

❏ MANY FORMS of communication to parents, notifying them of their sons' attendance at chapel or participation in Communion are in use. One of the best of those reaching us is a printed postal card used by CHAPLAIN RAYMOND R. MILLER. It reads:

You will be gratified to know that——— has been true to his Christian profession by participating in our Communion Service.

Our prayers mingle with yours for his continued devotion and faithfulness to Christian obligations. May he be preserved and soon return safely to fellowship with family and friends.

"Vocal Therapy"

❏ SERVING AN AAF Regional Station Hospital, CHAPLAIN JOHN W. KNOBLE believes in keeping his titles in tune with his surroundings. So he labels his Wednesday evening hymn-sings "vocal therapy." And doctors as well as patients agree that the type of spontaneous singing he provides has definite therapeutic value—which helps no end in popularizing the services as well as winning official appreciation.

The week-night meetings are kept informal, and though they feature Bible and topical discussions, plus an occasional showing of religious films, the main business is singing.

All Things to All Men

☛ TO MAKE HIS chapel services palatable to men of all kinds of religious background, CHAPLAIN DONALD W. ZIMMERMAN rotates the types of his Sunday morning services. First Sunday: a Communion service, fairly formal, in keeping with his own denomination's practice. Second Sunday: a liturgical service—with a strictly gospel sermon. Third Sunday: a simple service, plus a sermon suited to more liberal minds. Fourth Sunday: principally a hymn-sing, with hymns chosen by the men themselves, and opportunity for the worshipers to also give personal testimonies and lead in prayer.

The chaplain states that the practice of rotated services has increased both interest and attendance at chapel.

"Working on the Railroad"

☛ CHAPLAIN ALLAN R. FREDINE is attached to a railway division whose detachments are scattered over a wide area in the European theater. As one of four padres, Chaplain Fredine has to do quite a bit of shuttling about to reach his detachments, and services are conducted almost every day in the week.

To make their ministry more effective as well as more rapid, he and the other three, at the time we heard from him, were in process of building mobile chapels from old railway cars, a chapel for each chaplain. One already completed boasted regular pews and other churchy features, hymnbooks and a plentiful supply of *The Link*, and was all set to begin operation on a schedule that would reach all detachments with as much regularity as *la guerre* will allow.

"Muscular Christianity"

☛ SINCE HIS DUTIES included the conduct of setting-up exercises for the men of his service detachment, one chaplain (whose name somehow did not get on his letter) saw no reason why he should not give 'em the gospel along with calisthenics. So he developed a series of brief "religious pep-talks" around the analogies between exercises physical and spiritual.

For instance, breathing in is "inspiration"—suggesting the need of the soul for generous drafts from the Word of God even as fresh air in quantity is invigorating to the body. Other analogies dealt with flexing the muscles (developing spiritual strength by putting religion to work), bending down low (the virility that comes from humility), and so on.

The lectures, according to our anonymous informant, went over big, with the men asking for more.

Attendance Stimulator

☛ TO ENCOURAGE chapel attendance, chaplains at Rosecrans Field, St. Joseph, Mo., long ago hit upon the idea of awarding an honor plaque to the squadron with the most representatives at worship services in any given month. The winning group retains it until it is won by another squadron. Then, last April, came the WACs—and they have taken the honors every month except one. The competition, says Chaplain Carroll M. Bates, has not only brought out more WACs but has had a salutary effect in filling the chapel with male soldiers. And Bates seems to care not a whit whether it's the appeal of the plaque or the presence of the WACs that accounts for the latter!

THOUGHT - STARTERS

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED

TO "PRIMING THE PUMP"

The Big Parade

¶ A REAL LETTER, done with no thought of publication, with no other idea than to communicate one's real thought, often has a value far beyond anything written carefully for public scrutiny. This certainly is the case, as far as a record

of honest experience goes, with a letter lately received by a pastor in the United States from a young member of his church now with the army in the South Seas.

The boy wrote about the climate in a manner that cannot be reproduced here. It would require too many dashes, leaving the words to be supplied by the imagination. He wrote:

"This is the blank, blankest place on the whole map. It is the most amphibious spot on earth—you are in the sea and on the land at the same time. But I have worked out a little trick that helps some. When I hit bottom in my mind, and nothing seems worth a rap, I look up at the wet side of the hut where I am bunked, and make in my fancy a parade passing along the wall. In it I put all the best people I have ever known. You are in it, and some of my teachers, and Dad, and the man I used to work for in the hardware shop, and some others. Then when the parade is going by, I get a boost out of it, remembering



BY HALFORD
LUCCOCK, D.D.

that there are other places and other times than this. Then, after awhile, I sort of join the parade myself!"

That is not pious language but everyday talk. Yet it says the most profound things that can be said in religion and ethics.

There is a pull and a lift

in the memory of the best one has known. This boy was bringing into play the most powerful force for keeping life from going to pieces. These people whom he had known were real, and letting them pass before his memory and imagination fortified him. Note the words, "*I sort of join the parade.*"

That is what happens! That is the high meaning of Paul's words about Jesus, "We are changed into the same image."

We do not keep ourselves at our best by some agonizing effort of the will, but by the imagination, allowing the best to live before us, and we feel, "Whatever else may be wrong, this is everlastingly right." And so we join the parade, we go along in that direction.

Try it! Let the best people you have known pass before your remembrance. The feeling will come, "They are the real stuff. I won't let them down." And you will soon be going in that parade yourself.

"I Go Horizontal"

THE WORDS ABOVE were the title of one of the strangest books of travel ever published. They were not travels in Darkest Africa or on any of the unexplored frontiers of the world, but in a darker, more mysterious country than that on any map. The book was written by Duff Gilfond, a newspaper woman, and is a record of ten years spent in the strange horizontal world of invalidism. For ten years she was confined to bed. She writes, "In those ten years I did not sit up more than ten hours." She "went horizontal."

It is a striking sentence. And it suggests more than the flat level of a hospital bed. One of the greatest liabilities of life is that it "goes horizontal," that too often it leaves out all the vertical qualities from thinking and living.

Consider it in two relationships:

1. One of the basic reasons for the calamity of this war is that so large a portion of our world—particularly, though not solely—those in places of power, went "horizontal." That is, the kind of vertical thinking represented in the Psalms, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills," dropped out of their world. So many of the goals, the desires, the sanctions were taken from the horizontal level of earthly gain and power. And we have learned that when God and his moral standards drop out of sight, or go into low visibility, disaster comes to the world.

2. Also, the words have a vivid picture of what happens in individual living. We can, and do, "go horizontal" in that as we leave out of reckoning things beyond the flat level of earthly advantage and pleasure. Life droops when there are no hills to look up to, no ideals, no high standards, no great

compelling memories. Scores of illustrations of this will flock to the preacher's mind, actual experiences in which he has known of what happens to life when it goes literally "flat."

We need vertical thinking and living in a horizontal world!

When the Last Gun Is Fired

THE FOLKS BACK HOME are doing a lot of talking and writing about the day "When Johnny comes marching home again." It is a good thing they are thinking about it. Some of the stuff makes good sense; some of it is sentimental twaddle. And the men in the armed services are thinking about it themselves. It is a question for all the ten million men under arms: "What will I bring back to civilian life?" God speed the day when it will be answered by the men coming back!

Two things, among others, appear pertinent:

1. One is this, men have been hazarding their lives for something called "democracy." Will they give their allegiance to the truly democratic forces in the continued struggle to overcome fascist tendencies and movements at home, or will they be satisfied to become a part of a "block" to be manipulated by expert rabble-rousers who will concentrate on appealing to their emotions?

One of the most honest books, in my opinion, about the returning soldier is *Situation Normal* by Arthur Miller, just published. He asks this question: "These men will have gone through a hell that none but their buddies can ever comprehend. While they were in action they were sustained by a consuming loyalty to their unit. To what is GI Joe going to attach that loyalty when he comes

home? Will it be to a native rabble-rouser? Will it be to a shirt of fascist blue? Or will it be to a democracy that believes in itself, and wants to work better and for more and more people?" Here is the point: when the present "unit" disbands, join a new "unit"—the big "unit," the United States of America!

2. No one knows the cost of this war as does the service man who has been in it. No one can so effectively give to the people at large the thundering demand that no partisan politics, mouldy prejudice or selfish greed be allowed to block the creating of an organization which among the nations will give to the desire for peace strong enough instruments to insure it.

"Key to Unlock Me"

LEWIS CARROLL, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, somewhere has a little story of a person meeting an animated lock. It was an ordinary padlock, with a pair of spidery, thin legs, on which it scurried around. It acted in a very distracted and nervous manner, so that the person was quite moved with sympathy. "Why, whatever is the matter?" he asked. The little lock wailed, "I am looking for a key to unlock me!"

In a very sober sense, aren't we all? Is that not what we all need at times—some kind of key to "unlock us"? There is more capacity wrapped up in most people than ever gets out. They need some situation, some strong motive, some demand, that will release the power that is locked up within them. It was that kind of tragedy that Oliver Wendell Holmes writes of in his poem "The Voiceless," in which he speaks of folks who die "with all their music in them."

Give examples of people who were able to realize their locked-up potentialities by some event that "called them out." Generals Grant and Sherman, two years before the Civil War, were accounted complete and pitiable failures, with "all their future behind them." Then the great crisis unlocked them.

What can serve as a key to unlock men? There are many kinds. Consider these:

1. Finding a *great purpose* will often do it. When a person finds something worth living for his abilities are discovered, and what never was suspected before is given expression.

2. A *real faith* will unlock men's powers.

3. A *stirred sympathy* with other people will do it, and has done it in thousands of lives. It has brought people down off the spectators' bench and put them into the fight.

4. As men in the army and navy know well, a *danger to be met* will often unlock unsuspected powers.

Jesus, above all, proved to be a key to unlock people. Look what happened to the men who followed him. They began as provincial fishermen; they ended, some of them, as the creators of a new world. One of the finest tributes ever paid to a teacher was the remark, "He threw down a bunch of keys." That is what Jesus does. Here are some keys: a new sense of our value as sons of God, a great cause into which to fling ourselves, a quickened sympathy with those in need ("inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these"). What else?

All of us are in some ways locked up, there is more in us than we have ever gotten out. Give the Great Locksmith a chance!

"Companionship of the Sky"

¶ JOHN MASEFIELD, the British poet laureate, spent the first years of his adult life as a sailor on a merchant ship. Later he went to work in a carpet factory in Yonkers, N. Y. When someone asked him the chief difference between the life at sea and in a factory, he said, "Compared to the sea, the life in the mill lacks the companionship of the sky."

Perhaps that is put a little more poetically than many sailors would put it, but any man who has ever sailed on a ship knows well what he meant. At sea we do have "the companionship of the sky." It is a major part of life. It is always with us, always in view. Life often depends on looking at it.

That phrase is a trite description of what religion gives to a person—"the companionship of the sky." It keeps life aware of the "other world," the spiritual world of unseen forces which surround us. It comes into one's loneliness with a divine friendship. The theme is on how to keep the companionship of the sky in the life we live. Some specific directions for making religion real will help enormously in this job.

Self-Control

¶ THERE IS A LOT of help in the difficult matter of self-control (a subject of twenty-four-hours-a-day importance in the army and navy and wherever men are, especially in strange and distant surroundings) in the words of Durant Drake, "What is chiefly needed for self-control is some vivid and dominating anti-sinful idea rammed down deep into the brain."

The chaplain can "take it from there." Men have won their moral

victories in just that manner, by getting a vivid idea rammed down deep. Give some examples. What are the "ideas" of Jesus, big enough and strong enough and anti-sinful enough to become steadying powers when rammed deep enough into our being? How do we get them "rammed" into us?

Secret Weapons

¶ ONE OF THE COMMONEST phrases of the war—"secret weapons." And a terrible phrase, as we all know. People no longer make fun of the Nazis' much-repeated boast of secret weapons after the robot bombs began to fly over the English Channel.

America and the United Nations also uncovered secret weapons far more deadly in the long run than any mechanical invention—the quality and spirit of the soldier.

What are some real and powerful "secret weapons" the Christian has for the fight for character and for the struggle against evil in the world social as well as individual? Here the preacher draws on his own observation and experience.

Prayer has been in a million lives a "secret weapon, has it not?" It is a secret matter—"Enter in thy closet and shut the door, and thy Father who seest in secret . . ."

Faith in immortality is a secret weapon. It girds life with the assurance that, no matter what happens, we are still in the loving hands of God who will preserve what he has created.

Belief in the final victory of God is a secret weapon. It gives sustaining power to hard struggle because, in the language of the Apostle Paul, we "know that our labor is not vain in the Lord."

S E R M O N O U T L I N E S

"DOWN TO THE SEA"

TEXT: "*They that go down to the sea in ships that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.*"—Psalm 107:23, 24

Strike parallels between the spiritual voyage and the sea's perilous shores and hidden reefs, the merciless gales and uncertain tides, the lost stars and ominous clouds, the endless skyline and the restless and ever-threatening waters. Point up the necessity of taking Christ as the Captain of our ship on Life's voyage.

Sermon may be divided into four sections:

1. *The Perils of the Sea.*
2. *The Prayers of the Seamen.*
3. *The Providence of the Saviour.*
4. *The Praise of the Saved.*

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN CHARLES M. SMITH

ALONG LIFE'S AIRLANES

TEXT: "*The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.*"—Isaiah 9:2

INTRODUCTION: Enlarge upon the beacon-light system in the piloting of aircraft. Illustrate with the darkness that is in people's lives today. Compare with Isaiah's experience; emphasize his note of hope. Develop by pointing out that the same beacon lights that shone in his time, to light up his air-planes, are there for us today—if we will but use them:

1. *The Glowing Light of God's Undying Love.* Cite from Bible and modern life instances of his love, changeless and ever seeking.

2. *The Guiding Light of the Word of God.* Jesus: "Heaven and earth will

pass away, but my word," etc. The Bible is the logbook of life, the bulwark of civilization. What the Scriptures meant to Isaiah; what they can mean to us.

3. *The Radiating Light of the Cross.* Isaiah saw the Messiah as the "Man of Sorrows." The cross of Calvary is for us the cross of Redemption, Forgiveness, Hope. Jesus: "I am the light of the world. . . . Ye are the lights of the world."

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN WALTER FARRIS

OUR PLANS AND GOD'S

TEXT: "*All things work together for good to them that love the Lord.*"—Romans 8:28

INTRODUCTION: Many men are raising this question: "Can I gain anything of benefit during these years of war which have interrupted my plans for life?"

1. *All things.* Here Paul meant good luck and bad luck, success and failure, suffering and health. Our faith must lay hold onto that word "all."

2. *Work together for good.* We use the word "good" in many ways. For instance, in numbers—a good congregation; in behavior—a good boy; in morals—a good person; in taste—a good peach. Which did Paul mean?

A peach is good when it is mature, ripe, juicy, well colored. It is then a perfect peach in the sense that it is what God intended it to be. Old timers say that a very cold winter will produce an abundant peach crop. So it takes the winter's severity as well as the spring's soft rains and the summer's warmth to make a perfect peach. Paul must have meant, "All things

work together for the *perfecting*" of the soul.

3. *To them that love the Lord.* He does not say all things work together for the perfecting of *all* people. Paul believed that they did for "them who love the Lord."

The promise of God is for the righteous. For them God will bring good out of evil, Christian growth and development and perfection out of hardship. In this promise the Christian service man can rest assured that, whatever happens, God's will (which is our "good") is being wrought.

—Submitted by CHAPLAIN R. A. KING

"MARINE"—AN ACROSTIC

MORALITY: A true marine is a man of morals. He is virtuous of life, not merely because he wishes to avoid disease, but also because he respects the sanctity of womanhood. He respects his obligation to his family and to his unborn children.

ASPIRATION: A true marine aspires to make a better man of himself. He aspires to develop his character, his intelligence, his knowledge, and his understanding. He aspires to be a more useful citizen, and a more dependable member of society. He is never satisfied to stay in a rut.

REVERENCE: A true marine is reverent. He is reverent toward Almighty God; he recognizes the fact that without God no nation or people can prosper. Therefore, a true marine never uses profane language or takes God's name in vain. A true marine never makes slighting or slurring remarks about religion, or ridicules another man for his piety or devotion.

INTEGRITY: A true marine is a man of integrity. He is honest, truthful, dependable, square and above-board in all his transactions. His word is his bond. He is always faithful—"semper fidelis"—to whatever he sets out to do.

NATURALNESS: A true marine is his natural self; he does not pretend to be something that he is not. He is genuine and sincere; he is never a hypocrite; he never poses as one's friend when he is really false.

ENERGY: A true marine is energetic. He knows that life is a struggle, a continuous effort. Once he relaxes, he loses ground. He realizes that idlers do not succeed, but that the man who tries, and keeps trying, will attain his ambition and goal at last.

—Submitted by CH. E. L. PENNINGTON

NEW YEAR TEXTS

A GOOD START FOR THE NEW YEAR: "In the beginning, God."—Gen. 1:1.

THE LEADER FOR THE NEW YEAR: "My presence will go with thee."—Ex. 33:14.

A NEW YEAR'S DECISION: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."—Joshua 24:15.

THE UNCHANGING GOD: "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."—Psalm 90:2.

THE HIGH COMMAND: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."—Prov. 3:6.

ANOTHER CHANCE: "He made it again."—Jer. 18:4.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: "I am resolved what to do."—Luke 16:4.

TIME FOR INSPECTION: "But let a man examine himself."—I Cor. 11:28.

A BETTER WORLD AHEAD: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—II Cor. 5:17.

BLIND FLYING: "And he went out not knowing whither he went."—Hebrews 11:8.

NEW YEAR MOTTOES: "For me to live is Christ, and to die gain" (Phil. 1:21) "This one thing I do" (Phil. 3:13) "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want" (Psalm 23:1).

I L L U S T R A T I O N S

to a class of candidates to be received into the ministry Bishop William A. Quayle once said: "I want you young men to be true, faithful, to work hard, to put by every year by year, and so some day have a margin which will enable you to see something more of the great country in which your lives are cast. Then I want you to go across the continent and see Mount Ranier. After noting its huge base and lofty altitude, please remove your glove from your right hand and place the palm over against the side of the mountain and push it over. If your right hand proves insufficient, put your other beside it, and push for all you are worth. *Having pushed over Mount Rainer, you may venture to pit your strength against Christianity.*"

Reports of almost unbelievable feats performed by service men without fanfare continue to come in. One is of a 19-year-old Medical aid, Pvt. Duane N. Kinman who, during the push toward Metz, saw a rifleman with his windpipe severed by mortar fragments. All that this Seventh Day Adventist knew about operations, he had picked up at a hospital and during basic training. The stricken soldier lay before him with- out color and blue in an effort to breathe. In the dim light of a murky day with the muddy field for an "operating table," with neither anaesthetic nor instruments, save a pocket-knife, Private Kinman decided to operate. He made a longitudinal incision, opened the top end of a fountain pen into the trachea, and gave some precautionary

ice. Soon color returned to the wounded rifleman, he was on his feet, and was hurried from a tank to the battalion aid station where the surgeon said he could make no improvement on the operation. Later, upon arrival at the clearing station a tracheotomy was substituted for the top of the fountain pen, and as he made his way back to field hospital and general hospital, aided surgeons who regarded the operation difficult one for them under the most favorable conditions, told the marvelous story

of a cool, quickwitted, and resourceful Private Kinman.

And so the kid who was once a truck driver and automobile mechanic won the title "foxhole surgeon."

The shortest service on record is that used on a British minesweeper. Before setting out on one of its dangerous assignments the skipper of the trawler gathers his men about him and the "service" is held as follows: Captain: "Are we all here?" Men: "All of us are here under God's care." Captain: "What then are we afraid of?" Men: "We are afraid of nothing."

It was a group discussion at the chapel, says CHAPLAIN LAWRENCE D. GRAVES. All the men present had had their share of battle and on their bodies were purple welts and scars of bullets or shrapnel. They had intimate acquaintance with death. Men who know death that well never smile quite the same again. The talk centered on what happens in battle.

One said, "There was a Roman Catholic fellow and myself in our patrol. He didn't cuss and neither did I. We seemed to have a lot in common. I noticed the guys always bunched up close to us when they were in danger. I couldn't figure it out. Then it came to me. *We showed respect for God.* That's why the group wanted to be near us."

CHAPLAIN F. A. LAXAMANA submits this: Yoshin, a Chinese sage of 200 A.D., was offered a large bribe with the assurance that no one would know he had taken it. His reply has become a proverb widely quoted in both China and Japan: "Heaven knows it; earth knows it; you know it; and I would know it. *How can you say that no one will know?*"

When Crito comes to the prison to persuade Socrates to escape by the help of his friends, since they all know that he has

done no wrong, Socrates reminds Crito that they had long agreed no man should do either evil, or return evil for evil, or betray the right. Then Socrates asks, "Are these principles to be altered because circumstances are altered?"—CHAPLAIN F. A. LAXAMANA.

Arabian horses are trained to respond instantly to the sound of a certain whistle. The final test in the training program is one in which the horses are placed in a high-walled corral within sight and smell of fresh water. They are given neither food nor water for days. On the last day, their legs and shoulders are sore from the repeated efforts to batter their way out.

Then—the gate is opened, and the horses make a headlong dash for the water. Just as they almost reach it, the whistle is sounded. This is the final test to their response to the rigid discipline. Only those thoroughbreds who return without drinking are considered good for breeding purposes.

—CHAPLAIN HARROLD MCFARLAND

A mechanic was called in to repair the mechanism of a giant telescope. During the noon hour the chief astronomer came upon the man reading the Bible. "What good do you expect from that?" he asked. "The Bible is out of date. Why, you don't even know who wrote it."

The mechanic puzzled a moment, then he looked up, "Don't you make considerable use of the multiplication table in your calculations?"

"Yes, of course," returned the other.

"Do you know who wrote it?"

"Why, no, I guess I don't."

"Then," said the mechanic, "how can you trust the multiplication table?"

"We trust it because . . . well, because it works," the astronomer finished testily.

"Well, I trust the Bible for the same reason—it just works."

A landlubber once asked an old boatman, "If one were to fall from this pier into the water, would he be drowned?"

With a quizzical smile the old man answered, "Well, no. It isn't falling into the water that drowns a man."

"What, then, is it?"

"*Staying there!*" was the emphatic answer.

When Gipsy Smith was conducting a very successful series of revival services in Kansas City, a phrenologist came into the room where Smith was sitting after the service, placed his hand on the evangelist's head and felt about it.

"I am trying to find the secret of your success," he confessed.

"Too high! Too high! My friend, you are too high!" admonished Smith. "The secret of whatever success God has given me is not up there, but *down here*"—and he placed his hand upon his heart.

Once the passengers aboard a vessel steaming along the St. Lawrence River were very angry because, in spite of the fact that heavy fog was encircling the boat, full speed ahead was maintained. At last they went to the first mate, and complained. "Oh, don't be afraid!" the mate replied, with a smile. "The fog lies low, and *the Captain is high above it*, and can see where we are going."

"Is it safe to work among the lepers?" was asked of Sam Higginbottom, of Indiana, whose missionary service has been so blessed to the outcasts whom Christ asked us to specially remember and heal. "Yes," was his answer, "it is safer to work among the lepers *if it's my job*, than to work anywhere else."

The steel that has suffered most is the best steel, Henry Ward Beecher used to point out. It has been in the furnace and again; it has been on the anvil; it has been tight in the jaws of the vise; it has felt the teeth of the rasp; it has been ground by emery; it has been heated and hammered and filed until it does not know its own name and it comes out a splendid knife.

And if men only knew it, what are their misfortunes are God's best blessings for they are the molding influences which have given them shapeliness and edge, and nobility, and power.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, was famous for his pulpit prayers. He always found something to thank God for, even in bad times. One stormy morning, a member of his congregation, following the minister preacher to church thought to himself,

teacher will have nothing to thank God for a wretched morning like this." But Whyte began his prayer with the words, "We thank thee, O God, that it is not always like this!"

The manner in which we undergo the trials of war is dependent upon what we think the war is for, and for whose sake. The story is told of a man who, seeing a little urchin struggling along with another on his back, almost as big as he, stopped to remark at the kid's burden. A big grin spread over the urchin's face as he replied, "Aw, ain't heavy, Mister, he's me brudder!"

Rough seas had prevented a small craft from docking alongside the tiny, rocky island mounted by an ancient fortress just off the coast of Normandy. But on the fourth attempt it succeeded, and there stepped ashore CHAPLAIN SILAS A. MECKEL to visit the Americans on that recently held Nazi stronghold. In a spacious room deep in the recesses of the massive structure, too dark for the reading of the ritual, but not dark enough to dim the memory of old hymns and fragments of Scripture that fell from the lips of the parishioners, Chaplain Meckel celebrated the Holy Communion.

Candles were lighted and in their glow the Chaplain has described the sights and thoughts that came to him as follows: "As I turned to the altar I noticed for the first time that on the rough stone wall behind was painted the red Nazi swastika. A strange reversion was for an altar where Christians bowed to receive the bread and the wine of the sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood! Once, in antiquity, that symbol had belonged to the Christian faith. Then it was appropriated by the Nazis and became the symbol of tyranny. When the invaders had been driven out and the abandoned swastika remained to witness the celebration of the Christian Sacrament, kneeling soldiers paid tribute to the Prince of Peace. *The meek, the 'Terrible Meek,' had inherited that fortress.*"

In spring afternoons in the year 1880 an old man might have been seen lounging on the steps that lead to the western entrance of the Capitol in Washington, D. C. Children playing there and political bigwigs on the way to Congress greeted him familiarly by the name "General." He had implored so

many for help in his claims against the Government and climbed so many stairs to the offices of lawyers; told so many that he was once the richest man in America and narrated so many tales of adventure, that everybody knew him. But now, aged and bereft of family and fortune, to those who stopped to speak with him, he said, "Gold has ruined me."

The man was John August Sutter, who once owned an empire of a million acres in the vicinity of San Francisco. Over his fort there he had first hoisted the Stars and Stripes and fired a salvo in 1846. In Sutter's mill-race John W. Marshall had picked up the first shining nugget which had put the gold-fever into the blood of half a million men. His workers abandoned his fields for the mines; gold seekers trampled down his crops; thieves drove off his herds and flames licked up his titles to his lands.

In pity, California gave her famous pioneer a pension, but shyster lawyers saw that that was collected in advance. For fourteen years he pattered about Washington, always hopeful that Congress would grant him the indemnity he sought, until the June afternoon in 1880 when General W. T. Sherman entered his room in the old National Hotel to inform him that Congress had adjourned without considering his petition.

The old man who had stood against hostile Indians and desperados, faced perils and hardships on the frontier, could not withstand this last blow of misfortune. He sank back upon the bed lifeless. And his only gold consisted of a ring which had never left his finger, and was made from the first nuggets he had picked up at the mill-race thirty-two years before. John A. Sutter died saying, "*Gold has ruined me.*" Nowadays most people think it would make them!

Secretary of War Stimson has said: "It is dangerous for us to rely too much on guns and ships and airplanes, and on the mere numbers of our troops, if at the same time we forget that no armaments are sufficient unless they are backed and inspired by the invincible spirit of the human soul."

"Many of us have not yet faced this fact. Through our representatives in Congress we have voted huge sums of money for the defense program; but many, perhaps most, of us have not yet dedicated ourselves actively—not merely passively—to that defense. *The great task of spiritual rearmament yet remains to be done.*"

BOOK NOTES

Faith of Our Fighters. By Chaplain Ellwood C. Nance. Bethany Press. \$2.

THE SHELF OF BOOKS by and about chaplains and their work, and about service men and women and their faith, is extended with almost every turnover of the publisher's presses. Those in the book business are coming to see just how eagerly the public is looking for books that record the spirituality of our fighters and what is being done to deepen and develop it. And they are stretching paper quotas and spilling out ink by the barrel to meet the demand.

Virtually all such works that we have seen justify this literary attention. Some of them are classics; many are dramatic to a high degree; all serve to inform the world that our fighting men are in good spiritual hands, and that they respond to he-man religion as never before in war history.

The only weakness (if it be a weakness) of the most of these is that they tell a story which is purely, and of necessity, personal. Each allows you a view of things through the limited vision of but one man. It remained for Chaplain Nance, faculty member of the Chaplain School, U. S. Army, to compile a work that takes in the whole sweep of religion in the armed forces. *Faith of Our Fighters* makes not only engrossing and informative reading; it is a document of first importance. No churchman's—and certainly no chaplain's—library will be complete without this important and well-rounded record of religion in World War II. No historian, present or to come, can afford to overlook it as an absorbing mine of information as to how and why men maintain their faith even amid the rolling thunders of war.

In assembling this monumental study, Chaplain Nance has drawn upon the gifts of all kinds of writers, as well as contributing some telling chapters from his own pen. Present among the authors are not only chaplains, but a generous spate of high military and religious brass-hats, newspapermen and church journalists, and service men and women as well. And these emphasize every point of view, and every religious faith. That's where the phrase "well-rounded" comes in.

Chaplain Nance is a Kentuckian by birth, served for more than two years in World War I, went through five major engagements and devoted ten months with the American Army of Occupation in Germany. When he finally was mustered out, he struggled honorably under the weight of five medals and the Purple Heart.

Ordained in 1921, he served various pulpits of his church (Disciples) until 1925 when he entered the chaplaincy. Appointed to the faculty of the Chaplain School at Harvard, he has helped train ninety per cent of the more than 7,000 army chaplains.

Christian Counter-Attack. By Hugh Martin Douglas Newton, H. M. Waddams, R. A. Williams. Scribner's. \$1.50.

HERE WE ARE GIVEN a broad if brief story of the fight waged by Europe's churches against Nazism, or at least that part of Europe under the heel of Hitler. More factual than moralistic, it states the facts of the situation in Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, Occupied Russia, Italy, Finland, Hungary, and leads the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The authors waste no time or space in giving harrowing stories of persecution, but confine their study to what the churches are saying and doing to give spiritual resistance to the calculated attack the Nazis have made and are making on Christianity. And they are just as faithful in showing up the syncretism where the churches are weak or slow in showing resistance as they are in citing many glowing examples of superlative faithfulness.

The Leathernecks Come Through. By Chaplain W. Wyeth Willard. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2.50.

WHEN THE FIRST WAVE of marines bled on the shore of Tarawa, Chaplain Willard plunged into the surf from one of the most landing barges and fought his way to the beach under deadly shell-fire. He came through safely, as much surprised as a man who survived that terrific event. "I'm alive today," he says, "purely by the grace of God. Why, I do not know, except that I still has work for me to do."

It is not unlikely that a part of that "I

to do" was the writing of this book. One of the best accounts authored so far by a chaplain, it is a story that will prove of immense inspiration to fighting men and civilians alike. With his men, Chaplain Willard experienced every moment of the six months that passed between the initial seizure of Guadalcanal and the Tulagi area and the historic Tarawa venture. For his men he developed a love and devotion to their interests, temporal and spiritual, that shines throughout the book.

Obviously a conservative, it is interesting to find Chaplain Willard enthusiastic concerning the evangelistic opportunities open to any chaplain devoted to soul-saving as his primary interest in the service. Out of his experiences he came to two conclusions:

"First," he says, "the preaching of the unadulterated gospel of Jesus Christ is welcomed by service men, and second, a chaplain in the Navy and Marine Corps is not expected to give up his ideals or his practices. With courtesy and tact he can be a Christian without becoming a Pharisee."

This book would be good medicine for the recent detractors of the Chaplain Corps!

1

Eisenhower, Man and Soldier. By Francis Trevelyan Miller. John C. Winston Co. \$2.

IF YOU WANT to get a well-rounded slant on one of the greatest soldiers of the times, you could not do better than to procure this humanized study of "General Ike." It is the first full-length portrait of Eisenhower we've seen and traces his development from his boyhood in Texas and Kansas to his place of preeminence on D-Day as the man to whom millions look not only as military leader but liberator.

Eisenhower's is a stirring success story in the true American tradition, citing the rise of a typical American boy from a typical American town.

The author, a noted historian and biographer, is eminently equipped for his task, and has gone about the assembling of facts not only with all the devotion of a man accustomed to dealing with authenticity, but with all the story-teller's devotion to the dramatic and the human.

Dr. Miller is also author of a striking biography of General MacArthur, also published by Winston (\$1.50).

Both these portraits belong in the library or book-bag of any man interested in being

informed on the foremost military leaders of their times. Both are well illustrated with pictures; both are replete with lively illustrations, in word and in photograph.

1

It All Happened Before. By Roy L. Smith. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. \$1.

ROY L. SMITH HAS THE HAPPY faculty of writing so dramatically concerning people and events of the centuries past that they seem to be characters and happenings connected with the current scene. No writer today has a greater gift for knocking the dust off the musty lives of the ancients and showing them to us in contemporary shape and significance.

In this book, which deals with international affairs of twenty-seven centuries ago, he gives us not only an enlightening picture of those dynamic prophets who first pointed the way to democracy and Christianity, but also a fast-moving panorama of events which are strikingly like those of modern times. Here are vividly presented the totalitarian empires of the past—collaborationists and gestapo, underground movements and daring prophets who "shouted their convictions above the clamor of falling walls and raging hosts until they made the future hear."

The author draws out in bold relief the teachings of such prophets as Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Habakkuk, Jeremiah, Zephaniah, and Nahum. What they had to say to their generations he holds to be equally valuable for ours, not because they had any intention to speak for posterity—they had none—but because their age and ours are so similar morally and ethically.

A careful reading of this book will not only result in an emotional experience but a deeper vision of the debt we owe these age-long battlers for God and human justice.

Chaplains: You are invited to help make this department more helpful to all by submitting to the Editor a list of "Books I've Found Helpful." Books that have inspired you will also inspire your fellow chaplains. The lists need not be long, but the full name of the volume, author, publisher and retail price should be included.

PERSONALS

Official recognition of the devotion and gallantry of the four chaplains who gave their lifejackets to other men aboard the sinking transport *Dorchester*, and went down together with arms and hearts linked in prayer, was given early in December. Receiving posthumously the Distinguished Service Cross were Protestant Chaplains CLARK V. POLING (son of Dr. Dan Poling) and GEORGE L. FOX, Catholic CHAPLAIN JOHN P. WASHINGTON and Jewish CHAPLAIN ALEXANDER D. GOODE.



Among Presidential nominations recently confirmed by the Senate for temporary appointments in the Army of the United States were CHAPLAIN WILLIAM R. ARNOLD (Chief of Chaplains) to be a Major General, and CHAPLAIN GEORGE F. RIXEY (Deputy Chief of Chaplains) to be a Brigadier General.



It was just one tribute of praise after another for chaplains and the service they are rendering the Army and the Navy during speeches by VICE PRESIDENT HENRY A. WALLACE, ROBERT P. PATTERSON, Under Secretary of War; RALPH A. BARD, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Chief of Staff; ADMIRAL ERNEST J. KING, Chief of Naval Operations, and the RT. REV. HENRY K. SHERRILL, at the luncheon of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains held at the Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C., on December sixth.

Before speaking briefly about the program of the General Commission and its objectives, BISHOP EDWIN F. LEE, the Director, presented a dozen Army and Navy chaplains who were special guests.

DR. WILLIAM BARROW PUGH, who presided, introduced the following persons: DR. SAMUEL MCCREA CAVERT, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches; SENATORS DAVID I. WALSH and ALEXANDER WILEY, chairman and member, respectively, of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee; VICE ADMIRAL RANDALL JACOBS, Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Personnel; MAJ. GEN. ALEXANDER D. SURLS, Director of the Army Public Relations; CHAPLAINS WILLIAM R. ARNOLD and ROBERT D. WORKMAN, Chiefs of Chaplains,

respectively, of the Army and the Navy; CHAPLAIN GEORGE F. RIXEY, Deputy Chief of Chaplains of the Army; CHARLES P. TAPPAN, Director of the Office of Wartime Economic Affairs; COL. GEORGE IJAMS, Deputy Administrator of the Veterans Administration, and the REV. IVAN M. GOULD, General Secretary of the Service Men's Christian League.

Present also were members of the General Commission and several Washington civic and religious leaders. After the luncheon which had been preceded with a morning session in the First Baptist Church, the meeting was resumed in the hotel, at which DR. CHARLES GRIFFITH, Medical Director of the Veterans Administration, spoke. The Commission took action to continue jointly with the National Council of the Service Men's Christian League the publication of THE CHAPLAIN.



At a hearing on December 7, of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee on H.R.1023 to establish a Chief of Chaplains for the Navy with the rank of Rear Admiral, BISHOP LEE, DR. JESSE HALSEY of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago, Rabbi DAVID SOLA POOL, and Mr. EUGENE BUTLER of the Catholic Church appeared as witnesses favorable to the proposed bill, which has passed the House unanimously. The names of a score of others also present were read into the records as representatives of denomination endorsing the proposed legislation.

VICE ADMIRAL RANDALL JACOBS offered certain modifications which would make the bill acceptable to the navy. An agreement was reached that Admiral Jacobs, Bishop Lee and other interested parties should submit to the Senate Committee suggestions mutually acceptable.



Next to the interest shown by the soldiers of a South Pacific base in a five-day prayer mission held there, CHAPLAIN WILLIAM CHRISTIE regarded as a close second that of the men in improved places of worship. The soldiers are eager, as far as possible, to have their chapels approach the beauty and dignity of their home churches. Chaplain Christie describes the transformation of one such meeting-place as follows: "Together we renovated the entire chapel, and soon it was changed from a temporary building with canvas roof, open rafters and rough benches to an inviting house of worship, with improved lighting and beautiful, comfortable pews with kneeling forms."

BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM, vice chairman of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains, was elected president of the Federal Council of Churches at its recent biennial meeting in Pittsburgh. Elected vice-president was DR. BENJAMIN E. MAYS, the first Negro to be appointed to so high an office in the Council's 36-year history. Dr. Bates is president of Morehouse College, Atlanta.



CHAPLAIN WILLIAM R. SMITH (Disciples of Christ) was retired from active duty recently due to physical disability developed while on the Solomon Islands. Serving for more than 20 years overseas, Smith saw service in Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia, New Guinea, the Fiji Islands and the Solomons. His unit went into Guadalcanal August 14, 1942. He built the first semi-permanent army hospital in the South Pacific and conducted the funeral service of the first American pilot killed in that theater.



THE RT. REV. HENRY W. HOBSON, Bishop of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, who represented the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains during his visitation overseas, returned to the United States on December 30th. During his journeys of over 18 months, he covered a large section of the European Theater. His impressions of the work of the chaplains was most favorable.



WILS M. YLVISAKER, President of the Chaplains' Association, will soon begin a visitation of chaplains of all faiths and branches in the services in all the theaters of war.



CHAPLAIN WILLIAM V. MURRY approached his assignment in England, with other Americans who had been separated from their units because of injuries, he was a bit too cheerful over the prospects. The Sunday evening he groped his way to a church which seemed dark and uninviting. When he entered, however, he found the reception room aglow and ringing with laughter. What impressed him most was not the presence of an amazingly large number of men in uniform, but the words of a little English boy. When the chaplain urged the fellow to take some tea and sandwiches, he very politely replied, "Sir, we are not allowed to have any until all of the others have been served."

AT YOUR SERVICE

- Materials and services available to chaplains

Complaints from several chaplains have been received, telling of their failure to receive *THE CHAPLAIN*. Copies of this publication have been mailed regularly to all Protestant chaplains since its initial issue last October. It is urgent that those who have not received copies send their latest address, as well as immediate change of assignment, to Subscription Department, *THE CHAPLAIN*, 1137 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

Through the courtesy of its publishers, 6,500 copies of *The Evening Star's* (Washington, D. C. newspaper) "Selection of Christmas Carols" were sent to Protestant chaplains by the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains. The Tuberculosis Association of the District of Columbia contributed the Christmas seals that were placed on the envelopes.

The volume, *Protestantism, A Symposium*, Dr. William K. Anderson, editor, comprising contributions of prominent American editors, educators and clergymen representing various denominations, is being mailed by the General Commission to Protestant chaplains. Acknowledgment of receipt will be appreciated by this office. The volumes are a presentation of the Commission on Courses of Study of The Methodist Church, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee, and the cost of postage and preparation for mailing are being assumed by the General Commission.

Thoughts with Wings, two small pamphlets of choice quotations, selected by Prof. and Mrs. Clarence Richard Johnson, will be made available to chaplains by writing to the Rev. Dan Huntington Fenn, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

Chaplains who desire copies of a pamphlet, *The Homecoming of Service Men and Women* should write to The Defense Council, Presbyterian Church in the United States, 410 Atlantic Life Building, Richmond 19, Va.

It's the Upkeep That Counts

THIS magazine, THE CHAPLAIN, was launched in October, 1944, as a venture of faith by the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains and the National Council of the Service Men's Christian League. It is, as you can see, a professional journal for chaplains and has been sent to all Protestant chaplains throughout America and the various theaters of war insofar as addresses were available. The average circulation of the three issues published to date is 7,232 copies.

While this publication is still in its infancy, any responsible father knows that it is not the initial cost but the upkeep that counts. It is estimated that this particular offspring will cost by October 1, 1945, a minimum of \$22,500. With the budgets of the General Commission and the SMCL allocated very closely, it is clear why THE CHAPLAIN is a venture of faith.

On the inside cover page is the list of churches and co-operating groups that are at present supplying the funds for THE CHAPLAIN. Negotiations are now under way with other church groups in the hope that they will join in financing this particular undertaking. It is not clear, as this goes to press, that their budgets can be so readjusted as to make an appropriation possible.

If, therefore, you do not receive THE CHAPLAIN following the January issue, the above statement will give you the reason. This, of course, *does not apply* to chaplains who have voluntarily subscribed at the rate of \$2.00 per year. We are indeed grateful to them, but it is our hope that the boards and committees of the denomination with which each chaplain is affiliated will assume responsibility for the budget.

We shall be happy to accept subscriptions from chaplains who are not affiliated with the churches named on the inside front cover. The \$2.00 subscription rate does not cover the cost, as you can readily discover from the total number of copies printed and the amount needed. However, the two sponsoring agencies are assuming the responsibility for raising the difference. It is with regret that we are compelled to make this statement, for we would be happy to continue to send this magazine broadcast since it has been so cordially received.

—*The Joint Committee for THE CHAPLAIN*
Dr. G. Pitt Beers, Chairman

FATHER OF US ALL, who hast called upon me to minister as a chaplain to the men in the armed forces of our country, give me so mighty a vision of Thee and Thy purpose, and establish me so firmly in Christ and His truth, that I may nourish our men with the Living Bread of heaven and daily increase them in Thy goodness and love . . . Make me a faithful steward and dispenser of Thy word and sacraments, and strengthen me with Thy power and persuasiveness to draw all men unto Thee. Make me sympathetic, wise, and patient: quick to forgive and console, just to rebuke and condemn, strong to support and uplift . . . Keep me ever responsive to their needs of body and mind, heart and soul. Help me to lead the despairing to hope, the sinful to repentance, the doubting to faith, the fearful to courage, the hating to love, and the defeated to victory . . . May I open to many souls the door of Thy Church and unite them as living members to the Body of Christ. May I always walk closely beside Thee that others may see Thee in me and come joyfully to accompany me in Thy Way, Thy Truth, and Thy Life and find in Thee the eternal fullness of grace and love, and the peace which endureth forever . . . Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY
from "Prayers for Men in Service"

America, We're for Thee



HAIL to thee, our brave blue eagle,
Soaring from Columbia's heights,
Fighting, lest some foreign demon
Should invade our shores of light.

Tense with aim and expectation,
Guarding daily o'er the free;
Answering duty's call to service
On the land and on the sea.

May thy piercing eye be able
To discern yon Calvary's heights;
See the One who there did suffer
That all men have equal rights.

Then beside Columbia's standard,
Prince Immanuel's Standard raise,
That the spotless Lamb be guardian
O'er the land we love and praise.

—CHAPLAIN THOS. W. McKNEELY